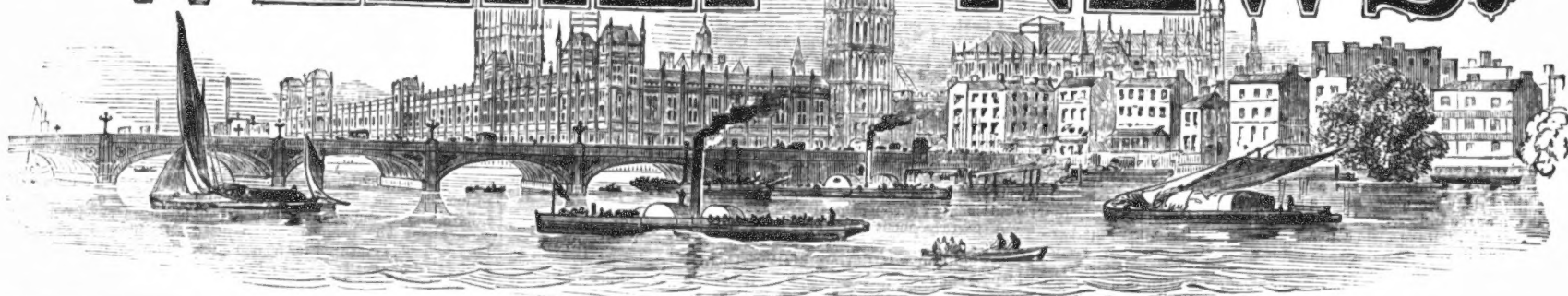


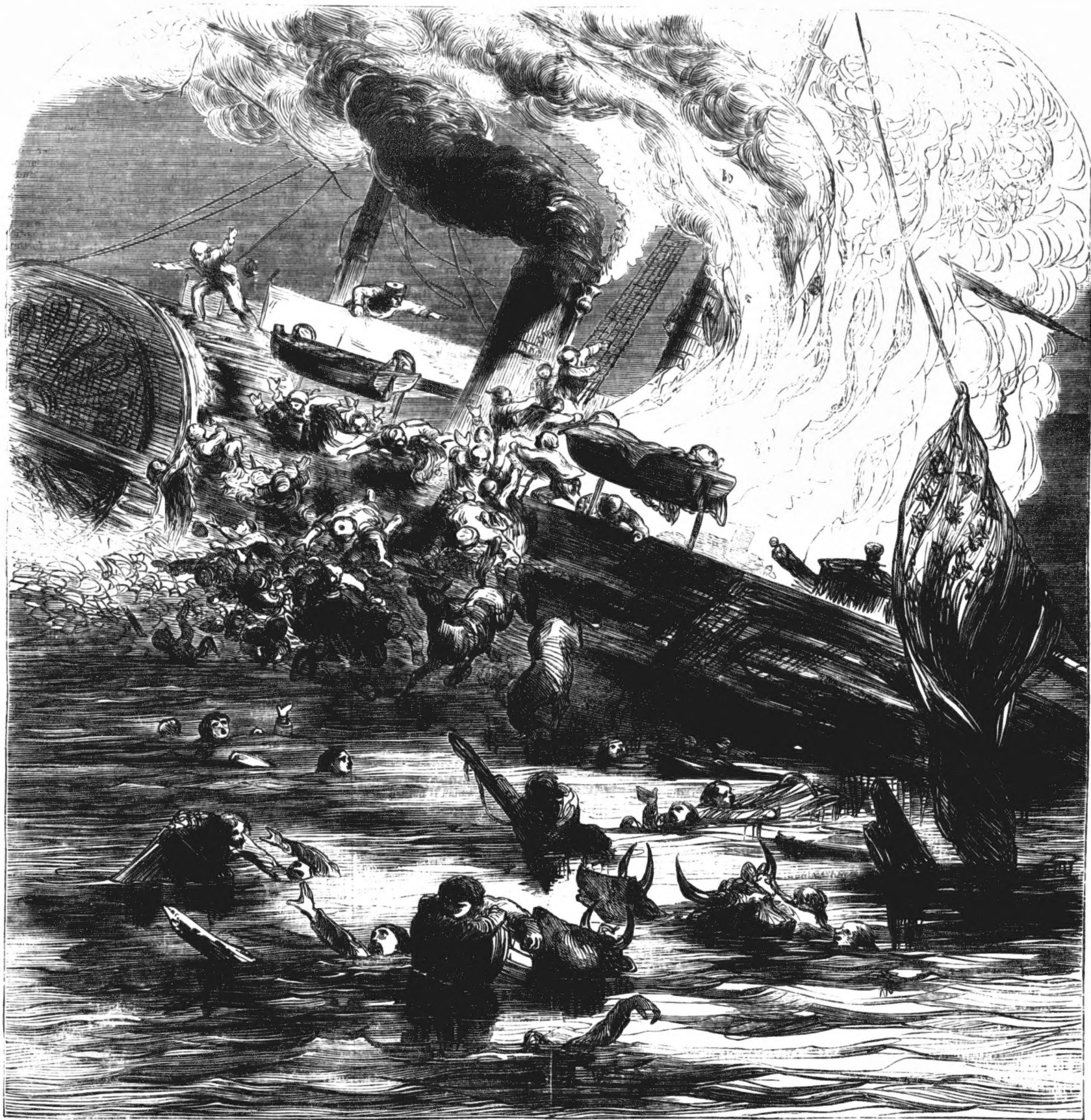
John Dick 313 Strand
**PENNY ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.**



No. 11.—VOL. I. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1863.

ONE PENNY.



FEARFUL STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT AND GREAT LOSS OF LIFE IN AMERICA. (See page 162.)

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday afternoon, Dr. Nani, the proprietor of instruments of torture used in the Neapolitan prisons previous to the last revolution, which have been exhibited and lectured upon by Madame Seyton Sicard, at St James's Hall, committed suicide by blowing out his brains at his lodgings, 19, Sherwood-street, Golden-square. The deceased, who was an Italian, was observed to be very despondent, owing, it was presumed, to the non-success of his exhibition, and the dread of his being able to meet monetary engagements. A pistol and some bullets were found in the room which he had purchased in Oxford-street about one o'clock on the same day. He had just before sent a letter to his wife, who is in Italy. On a search of the room being made only 15s. in money were found.

On Saturday morning, Mr. Humphreys held an inquest on the body of George Williamson, aged twenty-five years, who committed suicide at his residence, Bethnal-green. The evidence of Louisa Williamson, widow of the deceased, was in effect the same as the particulars which have already been published. On the previous Thursday he was out at work. She met him on his way home, and they went to his sister's, where they partook of tea. After that they left, and reached home just before nine o'clock. The deceased went out again, and she did not see him afterwards till the Friday morning, between six and seven o'clock, when he was under the influence of drink. He said, "Give me a penny." Witness said, "Have some coffee." He replied, "No, give me two-pence, and if you do not give it me I will do for you." She said, "I have not got it." He then took up a knife and made a rush at witness, but it only grazed her. She struggled with him and got the knife away, then threw it—all she had—at him, and went off to his mother's. About half-past nine she went back with his little brother, and upon reaching the door witness sent him up to see if deceased was at home. The boy came down and replied, "Yes, he is at home, and he has cut his throat." By the Coroner: He was a very unsteady man latterly. A letter found on the table, which had been torn up, was written by him. The letter contained only a few lines: "Good bye, Louisa, good bye. Farewell to all friends." After some further evidence, the jury returned a verdict, "That the deceased destroyed himself while in an unsound state of mind, brought on by delirium tremens."

An inquiry was held by Mr. John Humphreys, the Middlesex coroner, on Monday, respecting the death of Henry Hyde, aged ten years, who was drowned in the Regent's Canal on Friday last. It appeared from the evidence that deceased jumped into the water for the purpose of swimming. He sank almost immediately, and was drowned, near the Cricketers' Tavern, Old Ford-road. Robert Russell, the lock-keeper, said that he was got out in twenty-five minutes after immersion. The present made the 200th body which he had himself got out of the Regent's Canal during the last forty years. He had taken the greatest number of them out of the water within the last twenty years. A juror said that more lives were lost in that canal than on any railway in the kingdom. It was scandalous not to have the canal properly protected, as the railways were compelled to fence in their lines. The coroner having summed up, the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death," and recommended that the Canal Company should take some means of preventing, by fencing or otherwise, the present sad loss of human life.

On Monday, in the Town Hall, Godalming, before Mr. H. Marshall, mayor, and other magistrates, Arthur Hackman, aged 36, a labourer in the employ of Mr. Madley, chamois leather manufacturer, was examined on a charge of attempting to burn the parish church. It appeared from the evidence that the sexton on Monday morning week discovered, on entering the building, some large pieces of burnt paper lying in the south aisle under the window facing Church street. The paper seemed to have been torn from a wall. The window had been broken from the outside, and between the wall and a tomb which stood near it four lucifer matches were picked up which had been ignited. Suspicion having fallen on the prisoner, who lives in Church-street, his house was examined. It was then discovered that the paper was of the same pattern as that of the paper hangings on the wall of his room, and that the latter had been torn. The fragments that were found in the church aisle were applied to the surface from which the paper had been torn. The edges were found exactly to fit, and the little bits of plaster which had stuck to the paper corresponded to small holes left in the wall. After an examination, which lasted from ten o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon, the prisoner was committed for trial at the next Surrey assizes, bail being refused.

An accident occurred on Saturday, about three o'clock, at the new bridge in course of construction across the Thames for the London, Otford and Dover Railway, at Blackfriars-bridge. The scaffolding for the piers is now far advanced, and connecting rods had been erected to enable the "traveller" to be brought into operation. Whether from some defect or other cause at present unknown, while the men were at work upon the "traveller" propelling it along, in a moment a sudden crash was heard, and the ponderous weight and the men were precipitated into the river. Some seven or eight were injured.

IMPUDENT ROBBERY.—On Sunday morning, the 16th instant, a robbery was committed at Uxbridge, which, for audacity, exceeds anything that has taken place in this district for some time past. Three "swells," fashionably attired in black clothes and white cravats, drove down from London, and left their horse and trap at a public-house just at the entrance to the town. They then walked along the street till they arrived at the shop of Mr. Nash, confectioner, when one of them took out a key and opened the door. This was between eleven and twelve o'clock. All three went in, and each took off his hat and bowed as if being received by some one inside. After staying there about half an hour the party left the house, performing the same ceremony they observed upon their arrival, and returned to their conveyance and proceeded on their journey homewards. Upon the return of Mr. Nash and his family from divine worship he discovered that his house had been entered, and property, consisting chiefly of plate, carried away, amounting in value to nearly £100. Strange to say, the most singular part of the affair is that the "gentlemen" were seen to enter and leave the shop by a policeman who was on duty near the parish church, which stands nearly opposite to the house where the robbery was committed. The politeness of the burglars was a ruse that completely took the policeman off his guard, and it was not till information of the robbery reached him that he suspected the gentlemanly trio. Steps were at once taken to pursue them, and the thieves were traced as far as Notting-hill, but here all signs of them were lost, and up to the present time they have not been apprehended.—*Windsor Standard*.

A PERFECT CHARM.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup certainly does as the name implies, "soothe" the little sufferer into a quiet, natural sleep, from which it awakes invigorated and refreshed. And for the cure of diseases incidental to the period of teething, such as Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Wind, Colic, &c., &c., we have never seen its equal. We have always been, and still are, opposed to the practice of drugging infants. This article has no deleterious effects whatever, and from our own experience (we speak advisedly) we have every confidence in it, and can heartily recommend it to all mothers. Take our advice—use it—and you will as strongly recommend it to others as we have to you.—*Ladies' Visitor, New York.*—[Advertisement.]

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

A letter from the camp of Chalons of the 19th, in the *Moniteur*, says:—

"The Emperor yesterday went through the whole of the camp, and afterwards visited in detail the military bakehouses and regimental infirmaries. His Majesty expressed his satisfaction at all he saw, and was able to judge himself of the excellent sanitary state of the troops, which was not for a moment affected by the great heat that prevailed. The Emperor on his return to the Imperial headquarters received Marshal the Duke of Tetuan, who had come to be present at the grand manoeuvres on Friday and Monday next. The marshal is accompanied by Generals Caballero de Rhodas and Sosias, Commandant Osmo, and Captain Quiroga de Hano. At seven in the evening they arrived at the Imperial headquarters the Prince de Hohenzollern, and his son Prince Antoine, who will remain here during the Emperor's stay. His royal highness is accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Captain de Borries; Major Baron de Los, military attaché at the Prussian embassy; Colonel de Rinch, and Lieutenant-Colonel de Wedel. Marshal Count Randon, Minister of War; Marshal Duke de Magenta, and General Hamilton, of the English army, are also visitors to the Emperor during his stay. His Majesty is in the enjoyment of excellent health."

A correspondent writing from Chalons on the same day states:—

"The Emperor, during his visit here this afternoon, went to inspect the results of certain experiments in agriculture and horticulture recently made on the property of M. Jacquesson by M. Hoosbreuck, a Dutch experimentalist, formerly attached to the gardens of the Emperor of Austria. His Majesty was attended only by General de Failly, his aide-de-camp, but was met at the station by the Prefect of the Marne and Marshal Randon, who accompanied him to M. Jacquesson's. According to the explanations given to the Emperor by M. Hoosbreuck, the fecundity of cereal crops is greatly increased by artificially distributing their own pollen over the plants when in flower, which is effected by drawing over them cords to which are attached thread tassels slightly smeared with honey. The light seed so taken up falls in various directions, and so impregnates the plants more completely. Specimens of corn from the portions of the field submitted to this process were shown to his Majesty, and were found to be far superior to those which had not been similarly treated. The old regiments in the Potomac army are being rapidly filled up with conscripts from some of the Northern States. Recent reconnaissances have established the fact that a large force of rebel infantry and cavalry are still in the Shenandoah valley, ready to fall upon the rear of our army in case it should advance. The head-quarters of Lee are at Gordonsville, and the main body of his army on the line of the Rapidan. It is reported by the prisoners that, although General Lee has decidedly received reinforcements from the Cotton States, to the amount probably of 15,000 men, yet his army is not so strong as when he crossed the Potomac after the fight at Gettysburg. It has been considerably diminished by deaths and desertion."

The news from Charleston is thus summarised in the *New York Herald* of the 12th of August:—

"The latest from Charleston is to the 5th instant. Everything goes on bravely. The position of General Gillmore on Morris Island is stronger and safer than ever. The morale and confidence of the troops are unexampled. Although the rebels keep pouring in shell from Forts Wagner, Sumter, and other fortifications, the protection of our troops is so complete that our casualties for many days past are hardly worth noticing. On the night of the 4th, Captain L. S. Peine, of the 100th New York Volunteers, with a detachment of his men, while on a scout near Lighthouse Creek, was captured by the rebels, with all his men. The new Ironsides participated with immense fire in the cannonade on Fort Wagner on Sunday week, and finally silenced the rebel guns. The firing was terrific throughout the day between the Ottawa, a Monitor, the Ironsides, our works on Morris Island, and the rebel Forts Wagner, Johnson, Sumter, and Moultrie."

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THE LATE SIR FREDERICK SLADE.—Legal proceedings, involving circumstances of a most romantic character, are likely to arise out of a claim made by the brother of the late Sir Frederick Slade to the title and estate of the deceased baronet. It is alleged that when Sir Frederick married Lady Slade, the latter was then the wife of an Austrian gentleman who died in 1857, and not only so, but that when the Austrian alliance was formed, there was a previous marriage. We believe it is a fact that Sir Frederick, for obvious reasons, repeated the marriage ceremony as often as children were born to him. The defence will turn, we are told, upon the legality of the second marriage, which is held to be no marriage if the first husband was then living—it being contended that the third one, if contracted after the first husband died, is thereby a strictly legal and binding engagement. The case will probably come on for trial at an early date, and Lady Slade, of course, will be the most prominent and important witness. Eminent counsel are already engaged for the occasion.—*Sherborne Journal*.

THE ALABAMA.—Her Majesty's ship *Clio*, on her passage home from Rio, came across the *Alabama*. "On the evening of the 2nd of July, at seven o'clock a fire was reported on the port bow, so the ship was immediately kept away for it, and at nine o'clock a vessel was descried to windward, coming towards us, and when within a mile and a half off fired a blank gun, which we at once returned. She then 'hauled her wind' and bore away in the opposite direction, so we thought we had done with her. About ten p.m. we came abreast of a large American vessel on fire, and almost burnt to the water's edge, and a barque was also seen lying close by her. We burned a long light, in case any persons were adrift or required assistance, and at 12.20 midnight a vessel was reported coming after us under sail and steam, and turling sail in very quick time, under our stern, steamed up on our weather quarter, going apparently double our speed—viz., seven knots, with all her men at quarters and cleared for action, and commenced hailing us as follows:—'This is the Confederate war steamer *Alabama*. Ship ahoy! What ship is that?' On being asked if they burned that ship, they said they did. The excitement on board among officers and men was very great, all eager to catch a sight of the far-famed vessel *Alabama* over the bulwarks, or wherever a good view could be obtained."

DREADFUL STEAMBOAT CATASTROPHE.

The following description of the scene represented in our front page is taken from an American paper:—"The steamer *Ruth*, Captain Pegram, bound for Helena, left Cairo, on the Mississippi, on the evening of the 4th inst., having on board 160 head of fat cattle for the use of the Federal army, 122 mules, and 2,000,000 dols. for the payment of General Grant's forces. About an hour after the vessel started a fire was discovered near the stern, and in a short time the flames had got the complete mastery. The captain ordered the head of the vessel to be turned towards the shore, and she ran aground with considerable force, some thirty feet of the stern being broken off by the shock. A rush was made for the shore by all except five soldiers left in charge of the money-chests. Before all could leap off the boat recoiled from shore, one wheel still going, and shot out into the stream. Five of the 9th Wisconsin and several passengers, all the cattle, mules, money, freight, coloured chambermaid, one of the clerks, the son of Mr. Ogleby, one paymaster, Greenwait, of Harrisburg, Pa., three paymasters' clerks (names unknown), were known to be aboard. The flames cracked and spread; cattle and mules broke loose and jumped overboard, or snorted frantically about, rendered insane by flames and heat. Some passengers jumped overboard and swam ashore. One with his trunk, and others nearly naked, swam out into the stream, seeming almost insane, and were carried under and lost. Soon the wreck sank, and her seething fires were quenched in deep waters. Altogether there are about thirty lives lost, 400 tons commissary and sutlers' stores, and about 100 tons freight, were engulfed. There were about 200 persons on board in all. The boat, valued at 100,000 dols., is insured for 50,000 dols. The soldiers are said to have acted heroically, and to have stood by the boxes containing the money until it was certain all was consumed. The boxes were iron-bound, and too heavy to be removed; besides, the flames spread all over the boat in less than five minutes. There is no satisfactory theory as to how the fire originated. It is believed, however, to have been fired by an incendiary in the interests of the Confederate Government. An effort was made to fire the naval depot at Cairo on the previous night."

A NEARLY FATAL MISTAKE.

A story is current in dramatic circles here which should be known to stage managers generally. The particulars, as far as we can learn, are as follow:—Friday night was the benefit of Mr. Charles Rice at the Royal Princess's Theatre, Saturday closing the brief but successful engagement of that intelligent and versatile actor. One of the pieces brought forward on the occasion was "The Victims of Circumstances," the character of Lenoire being personated by the *beneficaire*. It happens that Lenoire should be poisoned, and that the poisonous ingredient—a powder—should be secretly mixed with Lenoire's drink on the stage—in other words, in presence of the audience. This is the author's arrangement. On Friday night there was an innovation in the libretto, and as it happened, a rather dangerous one. The play went on smoothly enough till the poisoning scene, when, instead of a powder being used by the character whose duty it is to poison, a liquid was used, and that liquid was laudanum, a small phial full of which was mixed with Lenoire's potations. The effect was soon noticeably on Mr. Rice, who staggered through his part, which fortunately was short—under an increasing feeling of drowsiness. He felt that he was the "Victim of Circumstances" in a manner he had not bargained for—he became conscious of a mistake that was all but fatal. Of course, when the curtain fell, there was an immediate inquiry as to where the laudanum came from. It was found that it had been taken from the property-room, where usually no laudanum is allowed, and it never was before. How, however, it came there in the present case is not known; and how, above all, the laudanum came to be used instead of the powder is also a mystery. It is one of those instances where a mistake occurs in spite of the most excellent supervision—in circumstances even where the *esprit de corps* of a profession is its best defence. Suffice it that Mr. Rice recovered after the use of mild restoratives, and that the contretemps that occurred gave only a tragic tinge to the experiences of one of the "Victims of Circumstances" on his benefit night. The mistake has its uses; and though the lesson has been often read before, it is here read again that poison should in any state be kept out of the way of business, and particularly from the business rooms of a theatre, where the excitement and exigencies of the stage are so liable to preclude time for precautionary measures. In this case a really valuable actor's life has been endangered from the direct fault of no one so much as from an innocent indiscretion. It is a warning.—*Caledonian Mercury*.

SUSPECTED MURDER.—An inquiry was opened on Saturday, at the Union Inn, Teigngrace, about two and a half miles from Newton, by F. B. Cuming, Esq., coroner of the district, touching the death of John Meers, aged thirty-one, whose body was found in the water in the marshes at Teignbridge, on Friday. The coroner said that the case they were met to inquire into was likely to be an important one. It would seem by the appearance of the body that the deceased had been most violently assaulted and injured before death. He therefore considered it consistent with his duty that such a serious inquiry should be adjourned for a few days, in order that the police, who he understood were in possession of some important facts respecting the death of the deceased, should make the fullest inquiries respecting the circumstances of the case, so that the jury might come to a proper conclusion. P. C. McTernan, who had the case in hand, informed the court that if an adjournment took place he should be prepared at the next inquiry with some important evidence which would no doubt throw light on the affair. The inquiry was therefore adjourned until Thursday next. Mr. Gillard, surgeon, of Newton, who was in attendance, was requested, with the assistance of another medical man to make a post-mortem examination of the body in the meantime. The jury then proceeded to view the body, and the place where the deceased was found, which is about a mile from the inn. The deceased, who was a married man, was a native of Ashburton, and was employed as a fireman at the Bovey Pottery. He is stated to have attended at the Newton races on the evening of Thursday, the 13th inst., in company with a fellow-workman named Coleman, and the last time he was seen alive was at a late hour on the night in question. The place where the deceased was found was one of the large pools of water, about eight feet in depth, under one of the arches of Teignbridge, on the old Exeter road from Newton. On each side of the bridge are marshes, but there are no paths through them. The parapet of the bridge is four feet high from the road; from the coping of the wall to the water is about fourteen feet. It would seem, from the position in which the deceased was found, that he must have either climbed, fallen, or been thrown over the wall. On Wednesday the deceased's cap was found by a lad named Trust in one of the marshes adjoining the road, and about twenty yards from where the deceased was found. There were marks of a severe struggle having taken place, and a track as of some heavy weight having been dragged along the grass in the direction of the water. The body presented a frightful appearance, and the general belief is that the deceased was brutally beaten and afterwards thrown into the water.—*Western Morning News*.

FOR EVERY HOME AN EXCELLENT SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE is the simplest, cheapest, and best, doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Prospectus free. Whight and Mann, 143, Holborn Bars. Manufactory, Ipswich.—[Advertisement.]

General News.

The *New York Times* of the 5th inst. gives a list of forty-seven inquests, held by coroners on the previous day, on persons who had been run-struck. Most of them were natives of Ireland.

PROFESSOR PEPPER'S ghost is evidently destined to go all round the world. It has just been produced at Wallack's Theatre in New York, in a new piece, called "True to the Last," and the *New York Times* says that the audience was electrified by its appearance.

A GENTLEMAN popping his head through a tailor's shop window, exclaimed, "What o'clock is it by your lapboard?" Upon which the tailor lifted up his lapboard and struck him a blow on the head, answering, "It has just struck one!"—*American Paper*.

An accident similar to that which caused the lamented death of Mademoiselle Livry, the dancer, nearly caused the same result a few nights ago to one of the dancers at the Alcazar de la Bastille, at Bordeaux. Mademoiselle Dolores approached too near a frame on which some Bengal lights were burning, and in a moment her dress was in a blaze, and she would have been greatly injured but for the presence of mind of one of the actors, M. Paul Legrand, who rushed towards her and extinguished the fire by crushing her dress together with his hands.

This annex was written by an Englishman in Charleston to his brother in this city:—"I was employed at Fort Sumter yesterday in making iron bands and hooks for cotton bales, round each of which two strong iron bands are riveted, each connected with a flat chain behind the bale, and running up endwise; in which position it is lowered down to the bottom of the wall; on the top of this lower row of bales others are fitted, and lowered in a similar manner, the next upper tier protecting the suspending chains of the lower, so that only the iron bands around the bales are exposed to shot from the enemy. Under this mode of defence only the guns and portholes are exposed. The heaviest guns were tried here against bales of compressed cotton without making much impression; indeed, in many cases the shot rebounded thirty or forty feet."—*New York World*.

The other morning the fishermen of Cadgwith, near the Lizard, secured and brought to Falmouth a large whale, commonly known as a "finner," which they captured near the first-mentioned place, floating dead. It measured seventy-four feet in length and twenty-six feet in girth, and was landed on the gridiron of the Falmouth docks on the day of the opening of the Cornwall Railway, to the great amusement of the folks from the interior of the county.

It appears by the late Australian advices that some desire has been shown to alter the name of New South Wales to Nova Cambria, Britannia Nova, Australia, East Australia, Valloria, Lauauria, Alfredia, Freeland, Alexandria, or some other, in order to sever the recollection of the name of Botany Bay, assigned to New South Wales by Captain Cook. In connexion with this subject a desire is expressed to preserve in the colony the Endeavour, the ship in which Captain Cook first discovered the colony.

The Dublin papers announce the death of the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord de Freyne, which took place, after a short illness, on the 2nd instant, at the Albert Hotel in that city. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his brother, Captain Charles French.

[AN accident of a most painful nature occurred on Saturday morning at the Holmes Milling Mills, the works of Messrs. J. J. Haberson and Sons, by which a boy about ten years of age, named Thomas Hibbert, of the Holmes, near Rotherham, lost his life. The deceased was engaged in connection with the rolling mill as a "heaver up." It appears that immediately over the rolls tape are fixed, through which water runs down on the necks of the rolls to cool them. Early on Saturday morning, while the men were resting, the deceased, unperceived, went to one of the taps, it is supposed to drink. His clothes were caught in the machinery, and in an instant he was drawn in between the rolls and thrown out on the opposite side a mangled corpse. Some idea may be formed of the fearful manner in which he was crushed when it is stated that the rolls through which he passed were only two inches apart and at the time of the accident were making 130 revolutions per minute. So sudden did it occur that the men standing near heard nothing but a crash, and on looking round the bleeding remains of the unfortunate lad were at their feet. An inquest was held at the Holmes Hotel, in the evening, before Mr. J. Webster, coroner, when a verdict of "Accidental death" was returned. Some time since the father of the deceased lost his left hand by an accident.—*Leeds Mercury*.

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE AT ORESTON, NEAR PLYMOUTH.

The quiet little village of Oreston was thrown into a state of alarm on Saturday in consequence of a report being spread that three men had been suffocated to death in a well in Park-lane. This was for some time believed to be too true, but we are happy to state that the three men, though still in a dangerous condition, are yet alive. For some time past there has been an old well situated in Park-lane, which now belongs to Messrs. Bayly and Fox, timber merchants, of this town. These gentlemen being about to build new premises at Oreston, required the water which came from this well, and consequently engaged several men to clean it out and place it in proper condition for use. This well is twenty-three feet deep, at the bottom of which was a very large stone, which it became necessary to remove; and to have this done it also became necessary to "blast" it. Consequently a hole was made in the stone, and on Saturday about noon six pounds of powder were poured into it. The "fuse" was attached, and the workmen then proceeded to dinner without stopping to see the result. Everything went on satisfactorily until about an hour and a half after the stone had been blasted, when a young man named Horn, about nineteen years of age—who, however, was not employed in the work—wished to descend to see what the result of the blasting was. He accordingly went down, and remained there about a minute. As the men received no answer to their calls, one of them, named Tickle, proceeded down the ladder, but on arriving at the bottom he was affected by a strong rush of foul air, and before he had time to ascend he was obliged to relinquish his hold of the ladder, and immediately fell down on the body of the young man Horn. There were several other men at the top of the well, and William Prater shortly afterwards followed Tickle, but fortunately adopted the timely precaution of placing a rope round his body. On getting about half-way down the ladder he was so affected by the foul air that he called to the men above to pull him up, which they did. Immediately on arriving at the top, the poor fellow commenced vomiting in a frightful manner, but he shortly after recovered, and was conveyed to his residence. In the meantime every assistance was procured to get the bodies of Horn and Tickle out of the well, whom every person believed by this time to be dead, having been in the well nearly a quarter of an hour. William Symonds and Samuel Oxland, two other men who were working in the well, with assistance brought the bodies to the surface, where they lay for some time as if dead. They were subsequently conveyed to their homes, and a surgeon sent for. Dr. W. P. Mould, of Plymouth, soon arrived, and used every means to restore animation, in which he happily proved successful. A quantity of air was expelled from their stomachs, and they, with the exception of Horn, were soon able to speak, and give an account of how the occurrence took place. On inquiry, yesterday afternoon, we were informed that Tickle and Prater were doing as well as could be expected, but that Horn had only spoken twice since the accident; but, with great care and attention, it is hoped that he will survive.—*Western Daily Mercury*.

MURDER OF A YOUNG LADY BY HER LOVER.

On Friday evening, the 21st, a shocking tragedy took place at the seat of Captain F. G. Goodwin, of Wigwell Hall, near Wirksworth, in the county of Derby. The victim was Miss Elizabeth Goodwin, twenty-two years of age, daughter of Henry Goodwin, Esq., of Chester, and grand-daughter of Captain Goodwin. The murderer is Mr. George Victor Townley, of Manchester, who is about twenty-five years of age. He is connected with a family of high standing and influence in that city. For some time he had been paying his addresses to Miss Goodwin, who had latterly manifested an attachment towards another gentleman in the neighbourhood. About a fortnight ago Miss Goodwin wrote a letter to Mr. Townley, in which she informed him that she wished their engagement to be broken off, as she had formed an acquaintance with another gentleman. To this note Townley replied, asking her for an interview, and stating to her his intention of going abroad. On the Friday morning he arrived at Whatstandwell Bridge, from Manchester, by rail, about half-past ten o'clock, and made his way to Wirksworth. He there saw the Rev. Mr. Harris, a schoolmaster. During their conversation Townley asked him if he thought it would be possible for him to obtain an interview with Miss Goodwin. Mr. Harris told him that no doubt he might by sending her a note requesting her to grant him one. He appears to have done so, and later in the day he proceeded to Wigwell Hall. Miss Goodwin told the housekeeper that if Mr. Townley came he was to be admitted. About half-past five o'clock the young man went to the Hall, requested to see Miss Goodwin, and entered the house. He afterwards accompanied her into the Hall grounds, and was in her society for some time. During their walk it appears that Townley told the poor young lady unless she made up her mind to accept his advances he would prevent her from encouraging the attentions of others. Previously to starting on their walk Miss Goodwin told her servant to come into the grounds and inform her when tea would be ready, which she accordingly did. Miss Goodwin returned to the Hall, and during the evening told the housekeeper the substance of her conversation with Mr. Townley in the grounds, remarking that he had requested her to meet him again, and that she had consented to do so. Miss Goodwin then went into her grandfather's room, read a newspaper to him, and afterwards took tea, during which she manifested no excitement. During the lapse of time which intervened between their first interview, Townley walked about the grounds, waiting for Miss Goodwin's arrival. The housekeeper advised her not to see Townley after the threat he had used. She went, however, and proceeded into the lane adjoining the Hall grounds. After some time Reuben Conway, a farm labourer, heard a low moan. On going to the spot he found Miss Goodwin bleeding from several severe wounds. He asked her what was the matter, and she said, "Do you see a gentleman standing in the lane? He has done it." Conway said that he did, and after remaining several minutes with Miss Goodwin, he told her to sit upon the ground while he went to Townley, who was returning towards them, and be admitted that he had done the deed. Conway then left the murderer with the unfortunate victim, and heard him, in bitter terms, exclaim, "Poor Bessie!" He saw him stoop down and kiss her fervently on the cheek, and attempted to stop the bleeding. Conway then went to the Hall and obtained assistance. Townley himself helping to bear the body of the unfortunate young lady into the house. Dr. Mant, of Wirksworth, was immediately sent for, but Miss Goodwin had died in the kitchen before his arrival. He found an incised wound on the right side of the neck, and a severe stab in the shoulder. Townley deliberately gave himself into custody, and told the constable that he "had done the murder," and admitted it to Captain Goodwin. The prisoner, who exhibited the utmost composure, while all other persons in the Hall were in a state of the greatest excitement and trouble, was removed in custody to Wirksworth. On the way he made no secret of the offence with which he was charged, and delivered up, among several other articles, a clasp-knife, with a blade about four inches in length, which was stained with blood. An inquest on the body was held at Wigwell Hall, on Saturday afternoon, before Mr. Bennett, coroner for the district. A large number of people from the immediate neighbourhood assembled at the Hall during the inquiry.

Mr. Harris, schoolmaster, of Wirksworth, deposed that Mr. Townley, of Hendham Villa, Queens-park, Manchester, came to him some time in the morning and asked if he thought he might obtain an interview with Miss Elizabeth Margaret Goodwin. He told him to write a note, and he did not doubt but that he would obtain an interview. He appeared to be in a perfectly sane state of mind at the time, and spoke rationally.

Elizabeth Poyser, housekeeper to Captain Goodwin, said her mistress told her that if Mr. Townley came to the Hall she was to admit him. They appeared to have been on the best of terms, and when he came she, of course, invited him into the Hall. Miss Goodwin and Mr. Townley shortly afterwards proceeded together in the gardens. Witness sent word to her that tea was ready, as she had ordered her so to do previously to leaving the Hall. She told her that Townley had intimated that if she did not choose to encourage his addresses he would prevent her from encouraging the advances of others. After coming to the Hall, before taking tea, Miss Goodwin read the newspaper to her grandfather. After tea she went out for the purpose of meeting Townley. She was out for perhaps an hour, when a messenger came to the Hall for assistance to help to carry the body to the Hall. Townley assisted in carrying the body to the Hall.

Reuben Conway, farm labourer, in the employ of Mr. Isaac Bowmer, said he heard a sort of low moan while on his way to Wirksworth. He proceeded to the spot, and found Miss Goodwin on the roadside in the lane near to the Hall. He asked her what was the matter, and she asked if he saw a man in the lane, and he replied he did. She said that he was the man who had inflicted the injuries. He went to obtain assistance, leaving Mr. Townley with Miss Goodwin. When he had got a few yards from them he saw Townley stoop down and kiss her cheek, and heard him say, "Poor Bessie!" He appeared to be stammering the words. Witness obtained assistance, and returned to Miss Goodwin; and Townley eagerly assisted in carrying what appeared to be the dead body of Miss Goodwin to the Hall. Police-constable Parnham was sent for, and took Townley into custody. Townley appeared perfectly cool and sane during these proceedings.

Mr. Newton Kent, surgeon, of Wirksworth, deposed: Mr. Bowmer came for me about nine o'clock on Friday evening. He said that Miss Goodwin had been murdered by a man in the road. He asked me to go immediately to Captain Goodwin's house. I went with him into the kitchen, and found the corpse of Miss Goodwin lying there. She was dead, and had been so some twenty minutes. No blood was issuing from any of the cuts. I examined her, and found several wounds, one on the left side of the neck about three inches in length, and about one inch and a half in depth, extending to the vertebrae, which were severely damaged. The bone appeared, so far as I examined, to have been broken, caused, no doubt, by some sharp instrument. I found another wound on the left shoulder, of the appearance of a stab or puncture. I pressed my finger through the wound into the shoulder-joint. The knife produced is one likely to have caused the wounds in the neck and shoulder. The carotid and jugular vein were separated. She died from the loss of blood. I should think the blow was from the side, and was quite sufficient to cause death.

Police constable Parnham, of Wirksworth, said: I went to Capt. Goodwin's house, and there saw the prisoner. He came to me and said he wished deliberately to give himself up for murdering the young lady. These were the words he used: "Please to remember that I gave myself up." I cautioned him, and asked if he knew the nature of the charge; or what he was giving himself into cus-

tody for? He replied, "Quite so, and I will go quietly with you; only let me see her first." He did so. He looked steadily at her for about a minute and a half, but said nothing. I then took him to the lock-up. On the way he said, "I feel more happy now than I did before I did it, and I hope she is so." Afterwards his remarks were more general—on the weather, &c. He appeared to be quite calm. I searched him on his arrival at the lock-up, and found on him a liquor-flask, a silver watch, some letters, and other articles. I asked him what he had done with the instrument or knife with which he had done the deed. He then produced this knife, which was covered with blood, and gave it to me. He took it from his left-hand pocket.

The coroner went through the evidence, and the jury at once returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" against George Victor Townley, who was committed on the coroner's warrant for trial at the next assizes at Derby. The prisoner appeared perfectly calm and collected while under arrest in the kitchen of the Hall during the inquiry.

FARTHER PARTICULARS.

After the inquest on Saturday the prisoner was removed to Wirksworth lock-up, a great crowd lining the way, and threatening vengeance on the culprit. The prisoner conversed lightly about the weather and other trivial subjects, and seemed bent upon making himself an agreeable companion. On searching him at the lock-up a diary, liquor flask, pipes, tobacco, envelope, and about 12s. in money, were found upon him, together with the draft of a letter applying to see Miss Goodwin before he went abroad. On Saturday and Sunday evenings he did not rest well, but he partook of his meals with great heartiness. On Sunday he was visited in his cell by two companions, who came to see him from Mary, in Lancashire, and on their return to Derby in the evening they instructed Mr. Leech, solicitor, to defend him. The mother of the murdered girl arrived at Wigwell Grange on Saturday evening from Manchester. When the prisoner arrived at the Derby Railway Station, previous to being conveyed to the county gaol, he met his father on the platform, the latter having just arrived by train from Manchester. The meeting was a distressing one. Prisoner gave his address as G. V. Townley, Esq., Hendham-vale, Queens-park, Manchester. It was stated that his father is a commission agent, and that the murdered girl's father is a civil engineer.

The prisoner was brought up for examination at the Magistrate's Hall, Wirksworth, on Monday morning. The hall was densely crowded, and the greatest interest was manifested in the proceedings. The prisoner, when brought into court, entered into conversation with the solicitor who had been retained to defend him. He appeared to be perfectly calm and collected, and, after a long conversation with Mr. Leech, sat down in the next provided for him. He is five feet nine inches in height, and has a gentlemanly bearing. From time to time he gazed round the crowded room, and to all outward appearance was the most unexcited person in the place.

Evidence to the same effect as that given at the inquest having been taken, the prisoner was committed for trial at the next assizes, remarking, in answer to the magistrates' clerk, that he had nothing to say.

EXTRAORDINARY MURDER IN FRANCE.

THE Court of Assizes of the Rhone tried a man named Pillion, aged forty-nine, a photographer by profession, charged with the wilful murder of a pattern designer named Maucuer, at Lyons, on the 30th of June last. It appeared from the evidence that as Maucuer was going to his work on the morning of the day above mentioned, he was stabbed in the back by the prisoner with a long and pointed kitchen-knife, and died almost instantly. After committing the crime, the prisoner made no attempt to escape, but surrendered to two persons who had witnessed the act, and was by them conducted to the nearest police station. When interrogated he confessed that the murder was an act of vengeance, and that he had the examining magistrate a letter written before the act, in which his motives were explained at length. In this document the prisoner stated that he and Maucuer had been for some years employed in the same establishment and had often disputed about religion, he himself being a professed atheist, while Maucuer was a devout believer. In consequence of these disputes he conceived a feeling of intense hatred against the deceased; but in 1857 they ceased to work for the same house and seldom saw each other. The prisoner had always received a yearly allowance from his father, which was discontinued in May last, soon after the decease of his mother, who had confessed on her death-bed that the prisoner was not her husband's son. The prisoner then endeavoured to ascertain under what circumstances the confession had been made, and having been told by one of his father's servants that it had been forced from his mother on her death-bed by her confessor, he determined to take vengeance and not being able to ascertain the name of the priest, he determined to murder Maucuer, who he knew to be a religious man and a reverer of the priesthood. He accordingly purchased a long and sharp knife, took his stand in a street through which Maucuer passed, and murdered him as above described. In court the prisoner repeated the statement made in his written confession, and openly avowed his atheistical principles. As there could be no doubt on the matter, the jury at once found the prisoner guilty, but charitably regarding him as under the influence of a kind of mania, allowed him the benefit of extenuating circumstances, and the court sentenced him to hard labour for life.—*Galignani*.

HORRIBLE MURDER BY A BOY.—The Belgian papers relate a most singular trial for murder. A boy of thirteen, named Blanchart, deliberately murdered another boy only four years old, named Kermoir. Blanchart was club-footed, and the child had laughed at him and called him names. The precocious little villain related with the greatest sang froid the circumstances of the crime. He saw his victim standing at the door of his father's cottage, and entered him into a neighbouring field, under pretence of showing him a lark's nest. On the way he filled his pocket with stones and pebbles. When they had reached the field the child's foot got entangled in some weeds and he fell. "I then (pursued the youthful murderer) knelt hard on his chest and stuffed his mouth full of earth, and rammed it down with stones I had brought with me, in order to be sure to kill him. When I saw he did not stir I went home to my father's to dinner, and then resumed my work in the quarry." He was sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment.

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE OF AN EXPRESS TRAIN.—On Monday morning, an accident happened to the 715 a.m. express from Birmingham to Paddington, on the Great Western Railway. Whilst running at full speed between Hatton and Warwick, the hind axle of the engine snapped, and one of the wheels flew off. The driver, feeling the jerk, immediately applied the brake, but was unable to bring the train up until it had run upwards of two miles. The engine left the metal at the moment of stoppage, but fortunately the carriages kept the line, and the whole of the passengers escaped without the slightest injury. Had the accident occurred upon the narrow gauge the consequences would have been most serious, as the escape of the train is wholly owing to the remaining wheel of the broken axle guiding along the longitudinal sleepers which are used by the Great Western instead of the ordinary transverse ones.

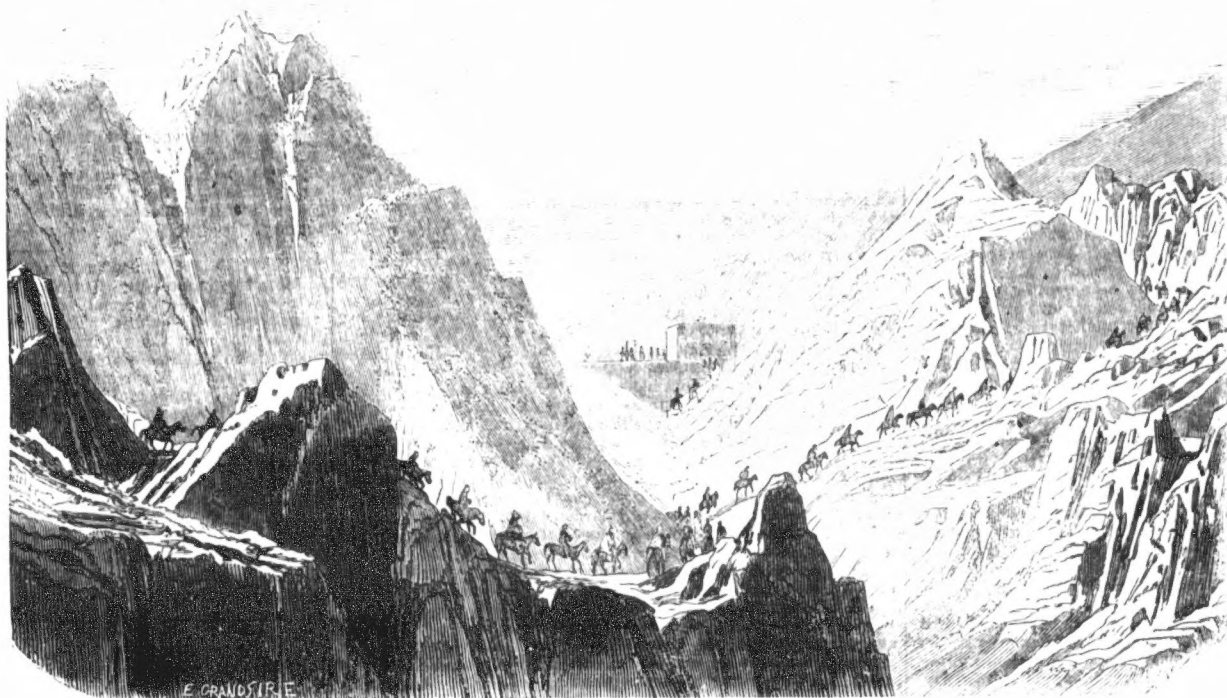
HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.—The best way of living out this good old maxim is to take care that all the Bread, Pudding, and Pastry consumed by you are made with BOWWICK'S BAKING POWDER, as directed by the Queen's private baker; by so doing you will avoid suffering from indigestion, and greatly economize your household expenditure.—[Advertisement.]

JAPAN AND ITS PEOPLE.

The following extracts from a private letter, dated Yokohama, June 14, from a medical naval officer now on service in the Japanese waters, to his friends at Manchester, will be read with interest:—

"Nagasaki is beautifully situated at the head of a deep bay and at the foot of green hills, backed up by lofty mountains. The scenery is most beautiful, the land is most fertile, and almost every available spot is cultivated with rice, barley, &c., somewhat in the terraced manner of the Chinese. The approach and the passage to Yokohama is among innumerable islands, all clothed with cultivation or forests of every shade of green, with the white sandstone peeping out here and there. Each island is a gem in itself—the brilliant green of the young rice was beautifully contrasted with the many-coloured forests, and the whole was set in a broad frame of the purest blue water, dotted in every direction, as far as the eye could see, with islands or capes. The whole scene recalled to me the travels of Sinbad the Sailor, and more like a dream from a fairy tale than an actual reality. The shores were very populous; we passed numerous large towns with their toy-like temples and sombre-coloured low houses, as clean and neat as those in China are dirty and untidy; innumerable junks of all sizes, whose captains threw up their arms as we passed, in token of friendship; innumerable fishing-boats, with two men, or a man, or perhaps a single urchin, who grinned a good-humoured smile; innumerable pretty villages and houses to the water's edge—one, I well remember, where we passed within a cable of a sort of balcony, which was crowded with Japanese girls, who greeted us with waving their fans and chattering in a way that women only can. The people at Yokohama do not appear so hostile as at Nagasaki, probably because there are here no Damios (nobles). The trading classes are indeed everywhere for us, and some of the Damios; but the majority of the Damios are decidedly against us, and they hold all the power in their hands. One thing is quite certain, if we wish to extend, or even preserve, our trade with Japan, the power of the Damios must be broken, and a war of a very bloody and expensive kind ensue sooner or later. No one of the fleet wishes war; the coolies and common classes are so civil and good that we should be sorry to fire a single shot at them, for they, and not the Damios, would suffer. All we can possibly do is to bombard their towns, of which, indeed, they are now so afraid, that Jeddo is nearly deserted. We cannot march into the interior, or force Miako, without a very large army. The Japanese fight desperately, and are in such respects totally unlike the Chinese, for whom they entertain a profound contempt. These Damios, or princes, some of whom, as Satsuma, are enormously rich and powerful, with their proud, swaggering retainers, resemble much the old feudal barons of the middle ages. They resemble them, further, in having continual feuds amongst themselves, which are handed down from generation to generation. They are very cruel and exacting in their conduct to the lower classes. A day or two ago, before we entered Nagasaki, a Damio was passing with his suite along the great road, when two little girls ran across in front of the procession. Now this to a Japanese is the greatest insult you could offer; but these children were too young to know it. They were immediately seized and decapitated, and their bodies left on the road with the Damio's mark. Yokohama is a considerable

SKETCHES IN SYRIA.



THE PASS OF KHAN-MEDERIDJ.

checks, are regulated by the laws for the different classes. No cap is worn, but the coolies generally bind round the head a piece of coarse stuff. I think them a most intelligent and interesting people. All classes appear to be able to read and write, and to calculate, which is more than can be said of us at home."

SKETCHES IN SYRIA.

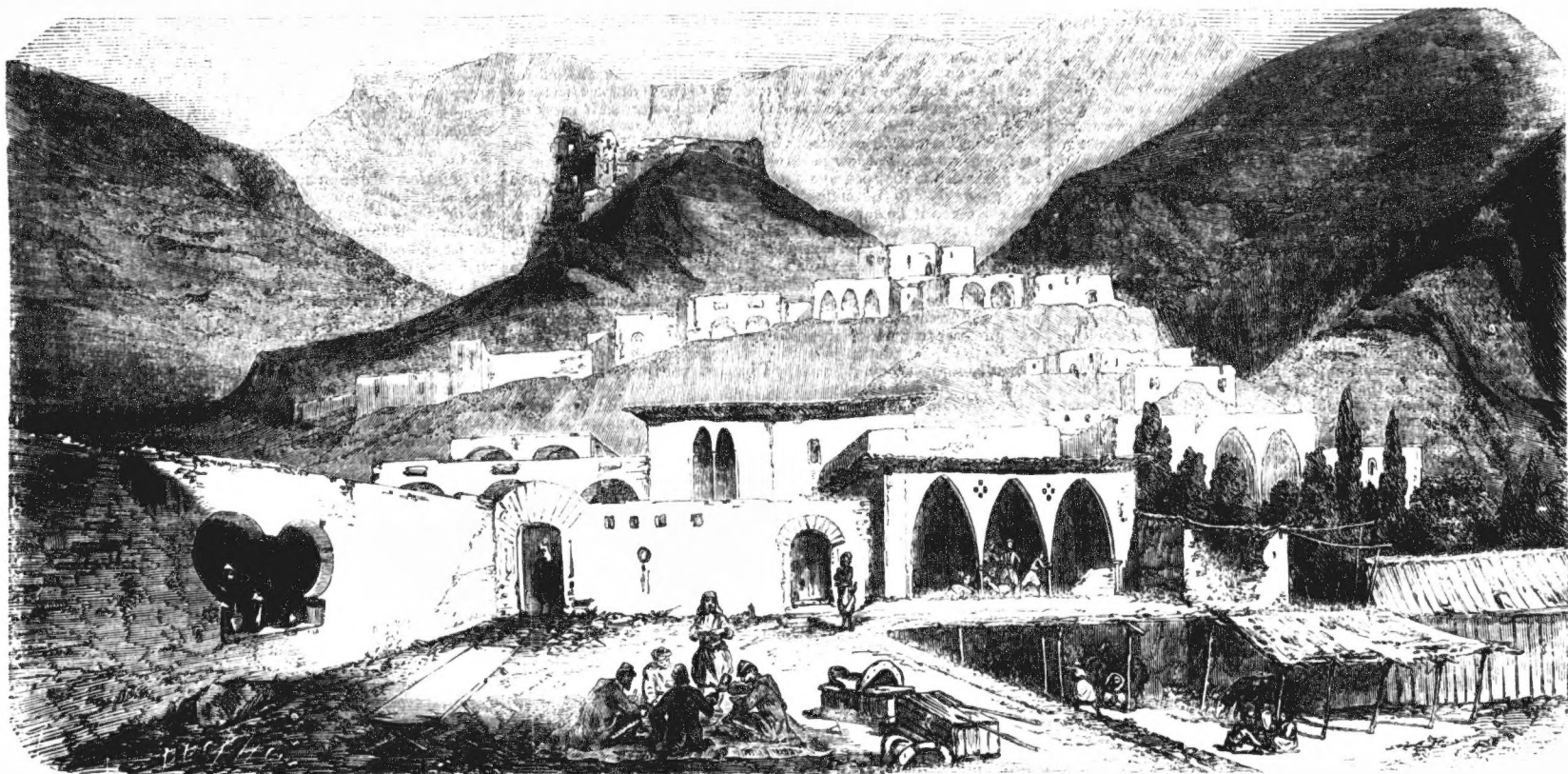
THE leading geographical features of Syria consist in the great mountain chains of Lebanon or Libanus, which stretch from north to south, dividing the country into two distinct portions; one bounded by the desert, the other by the coast. In the interior, or eastern division, Damascus and Aleppo are now the principal cities, while in the maritime, or western district, Tyre and Antioch, called Antaka by the Turks, are most distinguished by their importance. The chief river is the Orontes, which, rising near the southern extremity of the province, flows on the eastward side of Lebanon through its

entire length, until it turns the northern point of the range, and then passing Antioch, and pursuing a south-western course, it falls into the sea near Soldini. We give a view of the Pass of Khan-Mederidj, near Lebanon, representing the expedition on the way to their destination. It is a peculiarly difficult and dangerous pass.

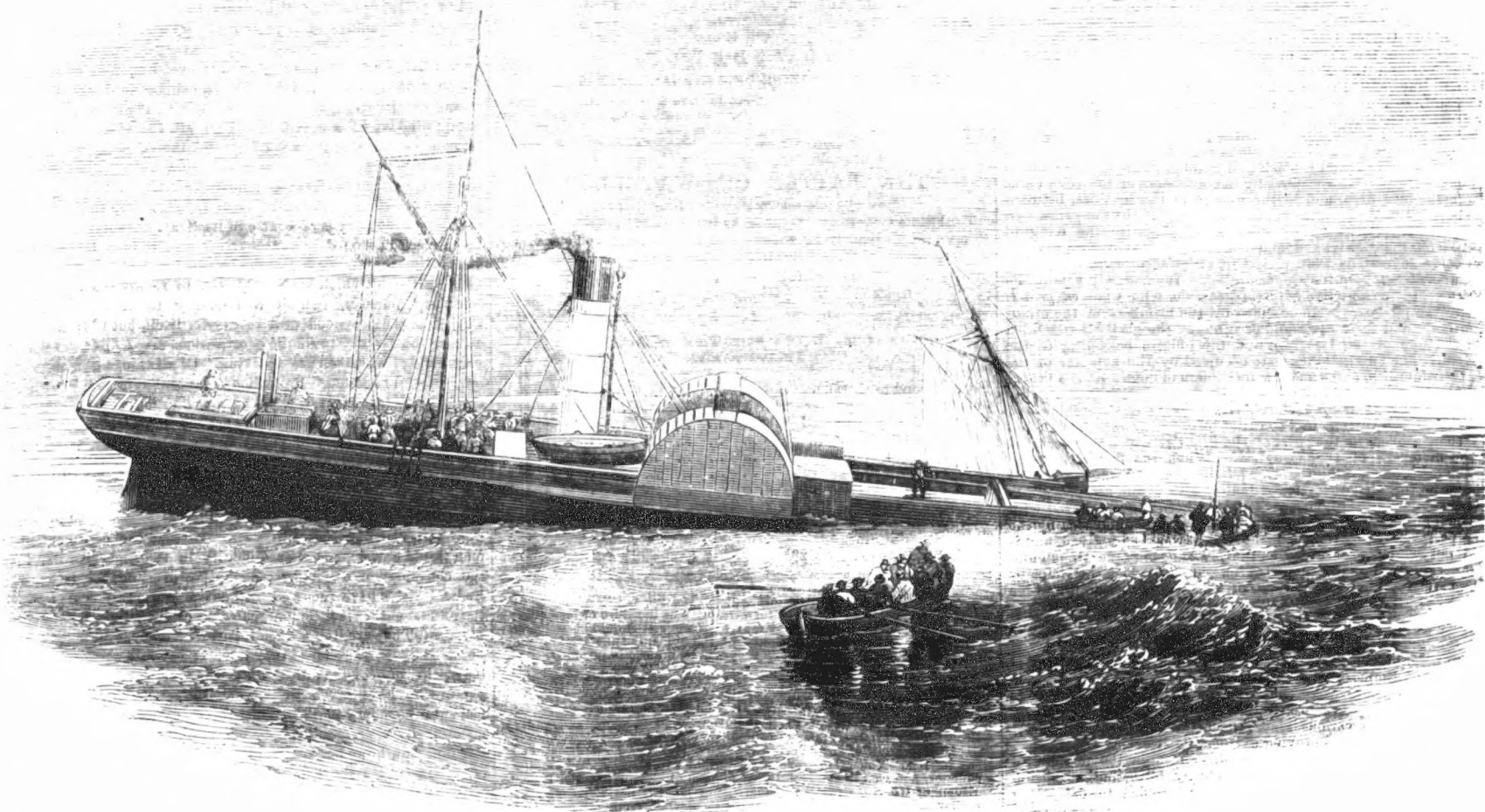
In another engraving we give a view of the village of Kab-Elias, situated in the valley of Baea, on the eastern side of Lebanon, on the way to Damascus. Its inhabitants consist of Druses, Mussulmans, and Christians.

RANK AT A DISCOUNT.—A letter from Frankfort says:—"No end of blunders have taken place about the arrival of the sovereigns and their attendants. His Excellency Count Apponyi, the Austrian ambassador at London, I found at Cologne, too late for the train for Frankfort, and very rudely treated by Prussian officials, who scarcely respected the official seal of his luggage. I found also high officials in grief at Mayence on account of false information about trains and steamers, and no end of confusion at Frankfort. In this city of the children of Israel there are many Christian wanderers complaining of want of regard for their high official character. In fact, sovereigns and courtiers are so plentiful that people forget their sublimity from their familiarity and numbrs."

THE KING OF PRUSSIA AT GASTEIN.—A correspondent who saw the Prussian King during his residence at Gastein, says that his Majesty's appearance by no means warrants the supposition that he is likely to resign the reins of government, as he is strong, vigorous, and much devoted to business at Gastein. The King occupied himself from nine to one o'clock in reading the reports transmitted to him. At one o'clock M. Bismark generally arrived; and at two dinner was served. M. Bismark, M. de Mantouff, and Count Puckler always dined with the King, and sometimes a few distinguished foreigners received invitations. The King having brought with him neither horses, carriages, cook, nor even dinner-service, contented himself with the primitive accommodation and supplies to be found at Gastein, with the exception, however, of wines; but persons who had the honour to dine with his Majesty do not expatiate very loudly on the excellence of the vintages of which they partook.



THE VILLAGE OF KAB-ELIAS, ON THE ROAD TO DAMASCUS.



SHIPWRECK OF "HER MAJESTY," EXCURSION PACKET.

THE SHIPWRECK OF "HER MAJESTY."

THE above illustration represents the shipwreck of the Isle of Wight excursion boat "Her Majesty," as she was proceeding round the island with a party of excursionists. The steamer (as described in our last number) struck upon a rock, and foundered. Everybody on board was safely taken from the wreck, which has since been raised, and carried into Portsmouth harbour.

THE 1st company of the Robin Hood Rifles has accepted the challenge sent by the Milang company of the South Australian volunteers.

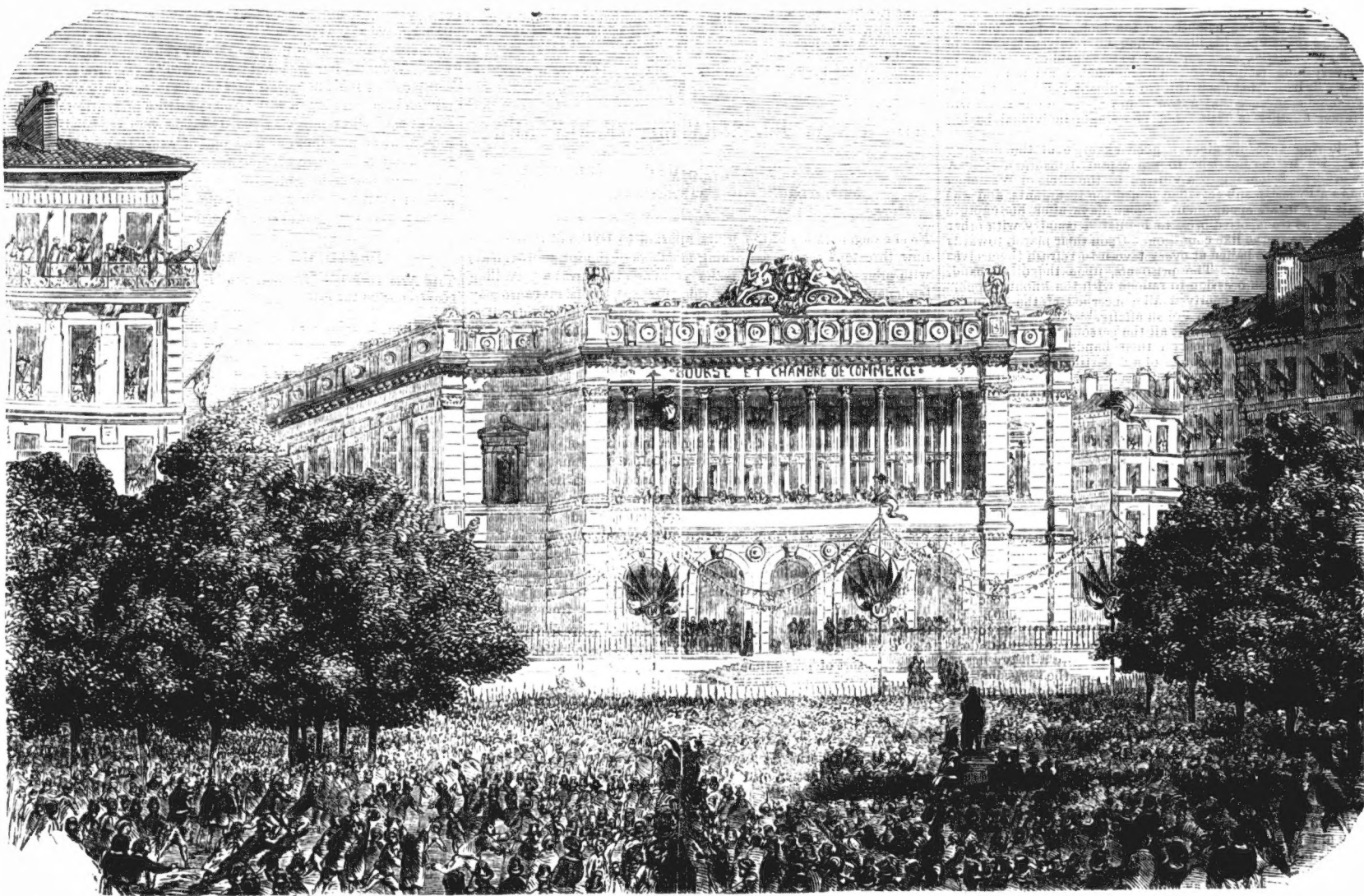
CELEBRATION OF THE NAPOLEON FETE AT MARSEILLES.

THE occasion of the Napoleon fete was brilliantly celebrated at Marseilles, the Liverpool of France. The Bourse, or Exchange, was very tastefully decorated in the day and illuminated at night. It is (as will be seen by the illustration given below) a handsome and commodious building, and well suited for the purposes for which it has been erected. It was the only thing required to complete the business accommodation for this, the most important of the French seaports. Marseilles has a population of upwards of 193 000. With the exception of the new Bourse and a few other buildings, the town cannot boast of much architectural beauty.

THE CONGRESS OF PRINCES AT FRANKFORT.

WE this week present our readers with illustrations referring to the Congress of German Princes, recently held at Frankfort. Our illustration represents the young Emperor of Austria passing down the main street of Frankfort, at the head of a brilliant staff; and the other shows him in the council-chamber, conversing with Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, and the King of Saxony (facing him). Count Rechberg, Prime Minister of Austria, is behind the Emperor's chair.

THE King of Prussia has declined to be present at the Congress. The German sovereigns at Frankfort were—The Emperor of Austria, the King of Bavaria, the King of Saxony, the King of



CELEBRATION OF THE NAPOLEON FETES AT LA BOURSE, MARSEILLES.

Hanover, the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg (as the representative of his venerable father), the Grand Duke of Baden, the Elector of Hesse, Prince Henry of the Netherlands, who is Stadtholder of Luxemburg, the Duke of Brunswick, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the Duke of Nassau, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, the hereditary Prince of Anhalt-Cöthen, the Prince of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, the Prince of Lichtenstein, the Prince of Waldeck, Prince Reuss, of the younger line, and Prince Schumburg-Lippe. The free cities of Lübeck, Frankfurt, Bremen, and Hamburg were represented by their respective burgomasters.

A Frankfurt letter has the following:—

"The Theatre Fœ of last night was a very brilliant affair, although the house itself is small and shabby. Three boxes on each side of the stage were occupied by the ministers of the sovereigns now assembled here, and in the middle of the first tier, between the above-mentioned boxes, were the members of the Congress. In the centre sat the Emperor Francis Joseph, with the King of Bavaria on his right hand and the King of Hanover on his left. The other sovereigns were placed in strict accordance with their rank and standing in the Confederation. Immediately behind the princes sat their respective adjutant-generals, who were *en grande tenue*. The pit-boxes were occupied by the members of the diplomatic corps and their wives and daughters: the pit itself was filled with senators of the free city and the officers belonging to the garrison. The two galleries were occupied by the notables of the city, their families, and some few foreigners of note. At the beginning of the performance the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, the Duchess of Cambridge, and the Prince of Wales were in a so-called *avant scene*—stage box; but they soon moved to that part of the first tier which was occupied by the members of the Congress. When the first act of the "Barbiers" was over the Emperor left his seat and went to pay his respects to the above-mentioned ladies, with whom he appeared to be well acquainted. Signora A. Patti neither sang nor played with her usual animation, as she was but indifferently supported by the other performers. Altogether the opera was badly given, and it could not well be otherwise, as the *prima donna* sang Italian and the other performers German. After the second act the Emperor quitted the theatre, and several of the princes soon followed his example.

THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

GENERAL MOURAVIEFF appears determined to get an address of loyalty to the Emperor out of the inhabitants of Wilna, and leaves no stone unturned to carry out his purpose. Several Jewish merchants of the city have been induced to sign the document by threats of the most various kinds, the fear of having the ten per cent. income tax doubled proving extremely efficacious.

The governor is warmly assisted in his efforts by the marshal of the nobility, Alexander Domejko, a Pole by birth, but a faithful hanger-on of the Government, who has succeeded in extracting some hundreds of signatures from peasants. The same personage has also delivered to General Mouravieff a letter addressed to the Emperor, "in the name of the nobility," in which this body solemnly renounces all connexion with the whole revolutionary movement, testifies its decided and sincere fidelity, declares himself determined to hold fast to Russia, and relies "for forgiveness unconditionally upon the boundless mercy of the Czar." It is hardly necessary to add that the nobility mainly composed of Poles, had no hand whatever in the preparation of this appeal *ad misericordiam*.

The services rendered to the Russian Government have nearly cost Domejko dear. At half-past nine the other morning a young man appeared at his house and requested a private interview. When admitted he handed a letter with his left hand, and as Domejko was about to take it with his right, seized the extended hand and stabbed at the marshal with a dagger. Domejko received seven wounds in the arm above the elbow. His servant hurried into the room at his cries for assistance, but was also met with several stabs in the breast and arm, while the stranger took to flight. The wounds are severe, but the life of neither is in danger. No clue has been obtained of the criminal.

General Mouravieff is constantly on the look-out for some such attempt being made upon his life. When he received the news of the attack on Domejko, he is reported to have said to an officer of rank, "Everything is prepared. The moment I am murdered a black flag will be hoisted upon the Government Palace, and I give you my sacred assurance that a few hours after not one stone will remain upon another in Wilna, not one single individual be left alive."

The following anecdote gives a good example of the flogging system applied by the Russians to the captured insurgents:—"A young workman, belonging to a village in the circle of Weeschen—therefore a Prussian subject—had joined the insurgents and was taken prisoner in an engagement. Some days after his capture the prisoner was transported back to his native country with other Prussian subjects in the like condition. Upon their march towards the frontier the escort halted at every tavern to refresh themselves with drink and victuals. The prisoners, upon the other hand, were treated upon each occasion to rations with the knout, which," says the narrator, "have deprived all concerned of the remotest desire ever to interfere again in Polish affairs."

The *Czas of Cresswell* states that all the persons exiled to Siberia who leave Warsaw have iron on their hands and feet. That journal gives the following account of a departing scene:—

"Blacksmiths from the Arsenal were sent for, and affixed on the prisoners double irons from the right foot to the left hand, and vice versa. Those irons are not fastened by padlocks, but are riveted on. The course adopted with females is as follows:—In the first place their hair is cut close; small bars of iron connected together are then placed on their hands, the extremities of which are riveted. In order to have this operation performed they are compelled to place their hands on an anvil, and every blow of the hammer draws cries of terror from those unfortunate beings."

MYSTERIOUS MURDER IN PARIS—An event has lately happened in Paris which promises to give ample work to the police of that metropolis. M. Franckaert was mysteriously murdered at his hotel in the Faubourg du Roule. He formerly carried on business as a perfumer in the Chaussee d'Antin, and had retired from his occupation with a fortune said to amount to 2,000,000fr. (£80,000). He was a very eccentric person, living alone, seeing scarcely anybody, and rarely going out save at night. He was found dead at the door of his cellar, his skull having been beaten in with a heavy log of wood. Robbery was evidently not the object of the assassination, as no property was abstracted from the hotel, while the murdered man's purse, together with two watches, which it appears he was accustomed to carry, were left untouched on his person. The police are more secret in their movements in Paris than in London; but, as far as is known, no clue has yet been discovered as to the perpetrator of the crime.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W. L. B.		
			A. M.	P. M.	
29	a	Blood died, 1860	1 56	2 19	
30	S	18th Sunday after Trinity	2 42	3 3	
31	M	John Bunyan died, 1688	3 25	3 46	
1	F	St. Giles	4 6	4 25	
2	W	Fire of London, 1666	4 44	5 4	
3	T	Cromwell died, 1658	5 23	5 43	
4	F	Admiral Blake interred, 1657	6 2	6 23	

MOON'S CHANGES.—0h. 0m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. EVENING.
2 Kings 19; Acts 28. 2 Kings 23; Jude.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Penny Illustrated Weekly News," 313, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*. All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

S. H. L.—We know of no such reward.

NEXT OF KIN.—You seem to be on the right scent. You must employ a solicitor, and we can confidently recommend to your notice Mr. William Eaden of No. 10 Gray's-inn-square; but he will not strike any particular bargain with you, nor in any way deviate from the proper professional course. At the same time, we can promise that his charges will be by no means exorbitant.

MILLER.—Your father dying before your uncle and aunt, you have no claim upon their property.

J. B. G. B.—We are unaware of any published work that professes to teach the art; there are many treatises on the subject.

G. H. D.—The best work upon chess is written by Howard Staunton; it was published by Bohn, York Street, Covent-garden.

A. B. S. S.—Certainly not. The Duke of Cambridge is a prince of the blood royal. His mother, the Duchess of Cambridge, is still alive.

MAD TOM.—Many thanks for your kind feeling towards us. The tales of both authors are much liked.

W. M.—We are not aware that licenses are granted for such a purpose, but you had better summon the parties for the damage done to your property.

A. MECHANIC.—The "doctor" is one of the most brazen and pernicious quacks in London.

AN ALMIRAL.—How is it possible to answer your question when you neglect to state what trade or employment you have been brought up to?

R. C. N.—You are liable for the interest upon the debt since the time you first contracted it until it is entirely liquidated.

W. G.—A good plan to ascertain whether bed-linen be well aired is to have the bed warmed, and immediately after to introduce a clean, dry, glass tumbler, between the sheets, in an inverted position; after it has remained a few minutes it should be examined, when if found dry, and untroubled with steam, it may be fairly presumed that the bed is perfectly safe; but if the reverse should be the case, it should be avoided.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1863.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

FATTY degeneration of the heart appears to be the disease which now threatens the hard-working members of the intellectual class with premature extinction. Fifty years ago there was a prevailing tendency to apoplexy; but for this, perhaps, sufficient cause may be found in the gross habits of the last generation. To-day it is heart-disease—a more insidious form of decay, less easy to trace to specific causes, and more difficult to guard against. Disease of the heart gives no palpable warnings until the mischief is too far gone to be successfully repelled. It is one of the most secret and treacherous of complaints, eating its way into the system for years, unknown to the patient. Sir Cresswell Cresswell, who died in a few minutes from the sudden culmination of this masked attack, was saying but a little while before that until his accident he had not been in the doctor's hands since he was a boy—that is to say, for more than half a century. He fancied himself the model of a healthy man, and at seventy years of age probably anticipated several more years of life and useful activity; but the citadel was being darkly, yet surely, undermined while he thought all was safe and strong. The public had scarcely recovered from the shock of his unexpected death, when it heard of the demise from a similar cause of another distinguished lawyer. Sir Frederick Slade was also a victim to "fatty degeneration;" and he appeared to have had some sort of premonition on the subject. He was much depressed by the sudden death of the judge of the Divorce Court, and spoke a great deal about it on the very day before his own fatal attack. He observed that "no one could tell who had a diseased heart, and that God only knew who would die from it next." Sir Frederick Slade was ten years younger than Sir Cresswell Cresswell; but he had, perhaps, a less vigorous constitution, and so succumbed earlier. It is when men of conspicuous position are struck down by this fatal malady, that we take note of its prevalence. The disease seems to be on the increase, and we are led to inquire what can be the reason for this? The most likely suggestion is, that the hurry and excitement of the age have an injurious effect on the mainsprings of vitality. We live in a tumult of competition and emotion. We have to fight for very existence, or we are

trampled down in the race. We rush from point to point on the wings of steam; we think by electric telegraph. The mere amount of transit from place to place which we now accomplish is prodigious, as compared with the intercommunication of only thirty years ago. Men of business have their offices in London and their dwellings in Brighton, and go up and down every day. Professional men, and professional women too, spread their work over a large area of country, and travel hundreds of miles between Sunday and Sunday. There can be no doubt that this excessive locomotion, especially when it is performed at express speed, is a severe strain on all the vital forces. It is known to have such an effect on the money we carry in our pockets that the coinage now wears out much faster than it did in consequence of the greater amount of friction. The change of air from the close counting-house or London shop to the freshness of the open country is of course in itself an advantage, but it may be purchased at too dear a rate. Now we live in a feverish atmosphere, and seem to have lost the habit of repose. Even our outdoor sports, by which we wisely seek to rectify the ill effects of sedentary pursuits, exhibit a tendency to excess. Muscular Christianity has a good deal to say for itself, but it is sometimes carried too far, and in fragile constitutions may help to develop the very evils of which we are speaking. Of all things gymnastics require careful handling. Professional dancers, it is well known, are specially liable to heart disease and consumption, and prize-fighters, pedestrians, boaters, and cricketers are not long-lived. Moderation in all things, especially in bodily and mental labour, seems to be the chief safeguard against those ailments to which the recent deaths in the legal world have directed our attention.

Few persons anticipated two years ago that the consumption of men would create an earlier difficulty in the American war than the consumption of money. Such, however, is the fact. The Federal States have incurred without a murmur a debt of which the annual charge is little less than that of the public debt of Great Britain. They are living upon a paper currency, and if they have not as yet paid many taxes they have at any rate consented to the imposition of heavy taxation. But the financial aspect of the war appears to have given them very little concern. Mr. Chase manages the money market with great dexterity, and as there is no difficulty at present there is but slight anxiety for the future. Far different, however, is the case with the supply of men. So prodigal has been the expenditure of life on both sides, but especially on the part of the North, that the most desperate expedients are now required for the reinforcement of the armies in the field. Volunteering, Mr. Lincoln himself tells us, is "palpably exhausted," recruits are no longer to be purchased by bounties. So urgent, in fact, are the needs of the State that the President cannot wait till the arrangements for the draught are properly completed. The Governor of New York writes to him, with a statement demonstrating the unfair and partial operation of the projected levy in certain districts under his authority. Mr. Lincoln cannot deny that the figures show something wrong; but he answers that he has no time to rectify them. He will do the best that he can by and bye, but at present the men must be pressed, enrolled, and sent off to the depots without delay. He does not pretend to deny that even the draught itself may be of questionable legality; but that point, too, must be left for future decision. At this moment he must have the men. These confessed necessities of the Federal contrast somewhat strangely with the boasts of inexhaustible resources in which they have indulged; but we cannot be surprised at the results. Never, we presume, in the history of civilised nations were men so rapidly consumed as in this civil war. Volunteering was not "exhausted" prematurely. Mr. Lincoln's calls, since the spring of 1861, have certainly exceeded one million men. He began with 70,000; he rose presently to 700,000; and at very short intervals the demands were repeated. Unless, indeed, we assume that one man out of every two in the Federal armies has been killed or wounded, we must raise the aggregate amount of their levies to numbers even greater than we have suggested; for it seems to be beyond question that half a million men, at least, have been placed *hors de combat* since the war began.

DREADFUL MASSACRE BY NEGROES.

The *New York World* contains the following account of a horrible occurrence on the Mississippi:—

"Steamer Liberty, No. 2, Aug. 5.
"When this boat stopped at Beckham's Landing to-day the news of one of the saddest and most shocking crimes recorded in the history of this war was communicated to the passengers by eye-witnesses. Beckham's Landing is twelve miles below Island No. 10, in Obion county, Tennessee, immediately south of the Kentucky State line. About ten o'clock, a.m., August 4, eighteen black United States' soldiers, direct from Island No. 10, their station, arrived at the home on the Landing, fully armed with muskets, side-arms, and pistols, and murdered the whole of old Mr. Beckham's family then present on the place. The family consisted of Benjamin Beckham, aged seventy-nine years; his son Frank, aged forty years; Laura, aged fourteen; Kate, ten; Caroline, seven; and little Richard, aged two years. The mother and one of the children were luckily absent on a visit, and escaped the fate of their kindred. The negroes killed old father Beckham and his son Frank by horribly mutilating their bodies—by clubbing, cutting, bayoneting, and shooting, and then wound up their fiendish work by throwing them into the river. They then drove the three girls and boy into the river at the point of the bayonet, clubbing them with the butt-ends of their muskets while running. The body of Father Beckham, and the youngest boy, have been recovered, and were seen by the majority of passengers who went ashore to see the evidence of this diabolical work. The black wretches fired several times at one of the neighbours who related us the different incidents, but he escaped unharmed. A majority of the demons were apprehended by some Federal cavalry (white) before they reached the island. My informant further relates that some time ago a chaplain of one of the negro regiments on the island accompanied an armed band to the house of Mr. Beckham for the purpose of recovering the child of one of the women, the property of Mr. Beckham, and now a runaway on the island. He refused to deliver this child, and this seems to be the warrant for this murder. The neighbourhood, mainly made up of old men, women, and children, is fearfully alarmed for its safety. In the vicinity is one of those black colonies where white men inspire these fiends to these hellish deeds. It is reported that one of the negroes used the pistol of the same chaplain above spoken of. These are the naked facts. Will you comment on them?"

THE ILLNESS OF LORD CLYDE.

THE sad illness which has robbed the country of one of its noblest heroes, undoubtedly arose from the toils and hardships of his soldier life. It was no mere "atrophy" of the frame, such as enervating of age brings to the idle as to the bold in arms; and it is just that we should say it, for it seems only to add another, though a mournful claim, to our tender reverence and high regard for this simple-hearted and devoted soldier to know that in his death he paid the debt of injuries self-inflicted on his health by hard service to his country. Lord Clyde was naturally of a very vigorous constitution, and immense chest development in proportion to his height. During the Indian mutiny campaign in Oude he was thrown violently from his horse, dislocated his right humerus into the scapula, fractured a rib, and suffered afterwards some inflammation both pleuritic and pneumonic. He never felt thoroughly well since that accident. After his return to England he had two or three attacks of congestion of the lungs, associated with bronchitis and enfeebled action of the heart. One of these attacks preceded his late fatal illness. During his last sickness, he was attended by the medical officers of the Chatham garrison, Surgeon-Major Summers (Royal Engineers) being, we believe, in immediate medical charge, assisted by a daily consultation with the principal medical officer and others. Professor Longmore, Mr. Cutler, and Dr. Watson paid some visits during the course of the illness. Their opinion pointed too clearly to the fatal result. The chief symptoms indicated fatty degeneration and dilatation of the heart, but without any apparent valvular disease; imperfectly aerated blood, and consequent disturbances of the brain and mental functions, oedema, with orthopnea, and restlessness; these were the sure forerunners of the end. And, in fact, the disease consisted in general enlargement as to weight and bulk of the heart, fatty degeneration and dilatation of the arteries. It was obvious that the duration of the disease was upwards of two years. Lord Clyde died, not from the wasting atrophy of age, but as directly in the service of his country, and from the weight of the heavy toils and great blows which he bore in that service, as though he had fallen on the very field of one of those battles in which he so often led to victory.—*Lancet*.

FUNERAL OF FIELD-MARSHAL LORD CLYDE.

WITH no pomp, and with little ceremony, but with every mark of respect, the remains of Lord Clyde were on Saturday morning laid by the side of his gallant friend, Sir James Outram, in the nave of Westminster Abbey. It is already known that, in compliance with his own request, that his funeral should be quietly and unostentatiously conducted, arrangements were made by his friends that he should be buried in Kensal-green Cemetery, but, in accordance with a desire expressed by the Queen, that intention was altered.

From an early hour on Saturday morning Berkeley-square was crowded with people anxious to witness the ceremony, while at the Abbey an equal interest was manifested in reference to the religious service to be conducted there. At half-past eleven o'clock the body of the deceased was put into the hearse, and the procession began to move, at first very slowly. There were fifteen mourning carriages, containing the following mourners:—

1. General Eyre, Colonel M'Murdo, Lieutenant Allison, the Duke of Wellington. 2. Rev. Mr. Inglis, Mr. Coningham, M.P., Mr. J. E. Gladstone, Mr. Kerr. 3. General Forster, Earl de Grey, the Earl of Longford, Marquis of Donegal. 4. Lord Gough, Mr. Arbuthnot, the Earl of Lucan, Lord Roakey. 5. Sir B. Airey, Lord Paulet, Sir H. Horsford, and Earl St. Maur. 6. Colonel Sandwell, Sir R. Walpole, Colonel Lugard, and Major Allison. 7. Major-General Coke, Major Dormar, Viscount Dangan, and Major Maxfield. 8. Sir R. Hamilton, Colonel Street, Colonel Napier, and Colonel Wood. 9. Colonel Whimper, Major Stevenson, Major Sutherland, and Colonel Balfour. 10. Mr. Crawford, Mr. W. Russell, Mr. Romaine, and Mr. Campbell. 11. Mr. Clutterbuck, Mr. Jacobson, and Mr. W. Gladstone, jun. 12. Rev. Mr. Reeve, Mr. Delane, Mr. Leese, and Mr. Reid. 13. Rev. Mr. Carpenter, Dr. Dick, Colonel Taylor, Mr. Arbuthnot, and Colonel Gordon.

The other mourning carriages were occupied by the servants of the deceased. These carriages were followed by those of the Duke of Cambridge, the Commander-in-Chief, the Prince of Wales (drawn by four horses), the Queen (drawn by six horses), the servants being in deep mourning, the Duke of Wellington, and between twenty and thirty private carriages.

The procession moved along Berkeley-street and Piccadilly down St. James's-street, along Pall-mall, Cockspur-street, Whitehall, Parliament-street, and across the Broad Sanctuary into Dean's-yard, the coffin being conveyed into the Abbey through the west cloister door.

A limited number of tickets of admission to the Abbey had been issued, and some time before the arrival of the cortege about 500 persons had assembled, including a number of non-commissioned officers of the Coldstream Guards, of which Lord Clyde was colonel—the Scots Fusilier Guards, and the 93rd and 78th Highlanders.

The appearance of the Abbey when the procession entered was very striking. Although it was understood that the funeral would be strictly private, and there was some doubt whether a choral service would be performed, the nave and choir were crowded with persons, the vast majority of whom were in mourning—a better state of things than prevailed on some former occasions, when ladies appeared in dresses of the gayest description.

The procession moved slowly along to the solemn strains of the organ and the choir, the music being "I am the Resurrection and the Life," "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and "We brought Nothing in this World," by Croft, and on the body reaching the choir the 90th Psalm was chanted (chant in G minor, H. Purcell), and the impressive Funeral Service of the Church was then read by the Rev. Lord John Thynne, sub-Dean of Westminster, the procession moving to the grave after the reading of the 15th chapter of Saint Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians. At the grave there was sung, "Man that is born of Woman" and "In the midst of Life" (Croft's music) and "Thou knowest, Lord" (Purcell's). After the prayer "Forasmuch as it hath pleased God," there was also sung "I heard a voice from Heaven" (Croft's music) and the mortal remains of the veteran soldier were committed to their last resting place. After the last collect, "Oh, merciful God," &c., the words and music of Handel's Anthem were heard pealing through the ancient pile—"His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth evermore," and the impressive service was closed by the organ performance of "The Dead March in Saul," after which the procession returned.

The organist was Mr. Turle, and the whole of the choral arrangements were under the direction of the Rev. Samuel Flood Jones, M.A., minister of St. Matthew's, Spring-gardens, in the absence of the Rev. Mr. Haden, the precentor. Among the clergy present were the Rev. J. Lupton, the Rev. F. K. Harbord, the Rev. C. M. Arnold, and the Rev. J. Antrobus.

It is a curious fact that at the funeral of Sir James Outram Lord Clyde stood between five and six feet from the grave, and wept during the ceremony. Precisely at that spot Lord Clyde now lies buried.

The coffin in which Lord Clyde was buried was of the simplest possible character, with this very simple inscription:—"Field-Marshal Lord Clyde, died 14th August, 1863, aged seventy years."

The funeral arrangements were under the direction of Mr. Hatchard, of Crawford-street.

A DESERTED damsel struck her lover with a pole, exclaiming with sobs, "You have broken my heart, and I'll break your head, sir!"—*American Paper*.

LORD CLYDE'S FATAL ILLNESS.

THE following account of the origin of Lord Clyde's fatal illness is given in the *Times*:—

"In the afternoon of December 26, 1858, the column under his command, then engaged in clearing the north of Oude of the remnants of the rebels and mutineers, came up with Baineo Madho's forces posted in a forest, and as Lord Clyde was making his dispositions to cut off their retreat, a zealous artillery officer, who had been directed to move quietly round their left flank, seeing masses of them bolting to the rear, could not restrain his ardour, but unlimbered and opened fire. Lord Clyde, galloping fast to rebuke the offender, was thrown with great violence, in consequence of his charger putting his fore-foot into a burrow in the sandy soil, and rolling headlong in the dust. When he tried to get up, still anxious to overtake the horse artillery, his face was bleeding and his right arm was powerless; the shoulder blade had been broken, and other injuries had been sustained in the chest, but as soon as the surgeons had set the bone, and put his arm in a sling, Lord Clyde seemed as well as ever, and sat by a watchfire till late at night, giving orders and directing the bivouac of the troops. One who visited him next day found the chief in his tent 'trying to write with his left hand.' He said he felt a little shaken and stiff, but laughed at his own impetuous gallop and fall, saying, 'It's well I didn't get up to that mad artilleryman. It's all the better for me—I didn't overtake him at the moment.' He was just giving orders for a continuation of the pursuit, and he was carried on a litter on the march, and directed from it the operations against the Fort of Mejidiah, which fell on the afternoon of the same day. On the 29th, as soon as the fort could be destroyed, he moved his column once more after the fugitive sepoys, and next day he conceived and carried out, contrary to the advice of his staff, the admirable forced march by night, the result of which was that he surprised the rebels, nearly caught Nana Sahib and the Begum, and drove them and all their followers in headlong rout across the Raptas into Nepal, never to appear in arms on Indian soil again. Thus he cleared Oude of the principal force of the enemy. There he halted, for he obeyed his orders. But it was scarcely possible to conceive any greater energy and vigour than were displayed by the old soldier, who was suffering from broken ribs, internal injury, and fractured shoulder, in the marches and movements of these few days. From that time he became subject to irritation of the lungs, to colds and bronchial affections, as it was thought, to which he had been unaccustomed; and perhaps his medical attendants, if he consulted them at all, did not know the mischief which was going on inside. In the January following it was noticed that he was often ailing; for three days he shut himself up while he was waiting for Lord Canning's despatches, complaining 'of a cold.' In February he had fever, and was wont to trudge down to the apothecary's tent, like a common soldier, for his dose of quinine. He remained too long in India after his work was done, and on his return home he had some attacks of indisposition, which vanished at Vichy and elsewhere for the time, till the last illness which deprived the country of the pride and pleasure she felt in honouring the living soldier."

THE LATE LORD CLYDE.

GENERAL ORDER.

Horse-Guards, S.W., 22nd August, 1863.

His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding in Chief has received her Majesty's commands to express to the army her grief at the lamented death of Field-Marshal Lord Clyde.

The great military services performed by Lord Clyde in different parts of the world, the success with which in most trying circumstances he restored peace to her Majesty's Indian empire, and the personal regard which her Majesty and her beloved Consort entertained for his high and honourable character, make her Majesty deeply deplore the loss which the Queen, in common with her Majesty's subjects, has sustained.

By command of his Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding in Chief,

A. H. HORSFORD, Deputy Adjutant-General.

TENACITY OF LIFE IN A SHEEP.—An incident, which shows the great length of time a sheep can subsist without food and in confinement, has just occurred at Steyning, in Sussex. Mr. Thos. Duke, a butcher, carrying on business in that town had a flock of sheep which he put out to graze in a field adjoining the Vicarage. About a fortnight ago one of these sheep, a fine fat animal, strayed from the rest, was pursued, and took refuge in the mouth of the town drain close by. The trunt was followed into the drain by a boy, who crawled after the animal as far as he safely could, but being unable to reach it, he was compelled to return. The animal did not again make its appearance, so that Mr. Duke concluded it must have perished, and he did not expect to see it again—alive, at any rate. One evening last week, however, as Mr. Drevitt, who occupies a field underneath which the Steyning town drain passes, was standing in this field, he fancied he perceived a slight motion of the surface of the ground. This induced him to remove some of the bricks from the surface of the drain, and there the missing sheep was discovered, still alive, and also lively. The animal had been twelve days and nights in the drain, and it appeared to have suffered so slightly from this long confinement in such a stunted prison-house, that when the drain was uncovered it actually jumped out and ran off, and it had to be driven into a corner of the field before it could be captured and restored to its joyful owner.

A RAILWAY TRAIN ON FIRE.—As a railway train conveying both passengers and goods was proceeding from Rheims to Leon (Aisne), one of the goods waggons caught fire, probably from a spark from the engine falling on the tarpaulin, and two others were also soon in flames. The passengers in some of the carriages were the first to perceive the disaster, and putting their heads out of the windows they cried loudly to the engine-driver to stop. Their voices were not at first heard, and by the time the train was stopped, his flames had made rapid progress, and the luggage van which stood between the burning waggons and the passengers' carriages had caught. The guard of the train unfastened the van from the carriages, and ordering the engine-driver to go on, the passengers were speedily out of danger. One gentleman in his alarm had jumped out before the train had completely stopped, and fell with great violence on the ground, but fortunately escaped with only some bruises. The burning waggons were afterwards isolated, but all attempts to save them from destruction were unavailing for want of water. One of them was filled with bags of sugar, another with wool, and a third with cotton. The loss is considerable.—*Galignani*.

CAUGHT AND CAGED.—In this city the substitutes for draughted men are kept in a large room in Marble-block, in the second storey, and are strongly guarded. The guard carry Springfield muskets loaded with cartridges, in which the powder is topped by a bullet and several backshot. Any attempt at "skedaddling" would be pretty sure to result in a wounded substitute—or a dead one. Whenever one of them wants to go about town on any errand he is accompanied by one—generally two—armed soldiers. It is not the policy to let a large number of the substitutes accumulate here. As soon as they have been provided with uniforms, they are quietly taken off in squads of six to twenty to the cars, and sent to the conscript camp at New Haven.—*Hartford Times*.

A REAL BLESSING.—Maizena forms not only a cheap and substantial diet for the strong, but it is a most strengthening regimen for the sick. One trial will suffice to prove the correctness of the jury of the International Exhibition in proclaiming it "Exceedingly excellent for food," and awarding to it Two Prize Medals, being the sole awards granted to any article of its kind. All grocers, chemists, &c., sell it.—[Advertisement.]

THE FRENCH IRON-CLAD NAVY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily News* thus describes his visit to the French iron-clad ships at Cherbourg:—

"After walking for some time on the breakwater, and contemplating the fine sea view on the one side and the town and arsenal of Cherbourg with the green heights above it on the other, I descended to my boat and went to the Solferino. Of course I was struck, like all visitors to men-of-war, by the height of the masts, the complication of the rigging, the sweep of the deck, and the order and cleanliness everywhere observable; but it is not for such things and such qualities that one looks with fearful curiosity at iron-clads. One wants, if possible, to form an opinion upon good grounds as to the part that they are likely to play in time of war. There is no doubt whatever that the Solferino could sink its wooden neighbour the *Napoleon* (which but a few years since was the finest ship in the French navy) in a few minutes; but in regard to seagoing qualities, the practicability of long voyages, with the risk of running short of coal, the consequences of even a slight derangement of the complicated machinery, and the probable condition of the men when the ship is 'shut up' for fighting, there is much difference of opinion, and the field of experience is not yet large. The Solferino's guns are all rifled, and she is the only one of the iron-clad vessels here which loads them by the breech. The *Gloire* does the same. Loading by the breech is a manifest advantage, not only from the time saved, but because when the guns are pulled in to be reloaded on the old system, the considerable space of the port-hole is momentarily open to the fire of the enemy, whether from riflemen or cannon. There is, however, a report that about six weeks ago eighteen men were killed by the bursting of breech-loading cannon, and that all the guns of this sort now in use are unsafe. The immense range of furnaces for heating the boilers of the Solferino is one of the most remarkable sights on board. There are fires enough, and more, to cook dinners for the whole Chalon camp. And, moreover, the question of coal is one which must ever make the captain of such a ship anxious. The Solferino would consume more than 100 tons per day, and supposing coal not to be got under 100 francs a ton, which was the case at one time in the Crimea, the daily cost of coal alone would be £400. From £400 to £150 would be the cost under average circumstances, and the ship cannot well carry more than six days' store of coal at a time. How the stokers are to live in such a furnace when the vessel is shut up for action, and to give the crew the benefit of the "iron-clad" protection, I cannot conceive. I found it very close in the furnace-room even when there was no fire and every port-hole in the ship open. It is already matter of experience that the crew of the *Normandie*, without any fighting, but merely performing the voyage from Mexico, suffered terribly from want of ventilation. I am told, but will not warrant the absence of exaggeration in the story, that half the crew died on the voyage out and back again, and that only one officer came home alive. It is certain that efforts are now making to improve the ventilation of the *Normandie*, but the very theory of iron-clad vessels, seeing that they are intended to be bomb proof all over, infers ventilation to be extremely difficult. Although there seemed to me to be a great many sailors on board the Solferino I learn that she is short of the full complement by at least two hundred, and that the hands on board all the other iron-clads are very much shorter still. There is, therefore, no present likelihood that these terrible ships, which, no doubt, are destined to do a great deal of mischief some day or other, will receive any sudden order to set out on a warlike expedition for an 'idea.' It must always be remembered, however, that with the French system of 'maritime inscription,' crews can be completed in a few hours from seafaring men on the coast. From the Solferino I went to the *Couronne*, which is a smaller ship, though a very fine one, but remarkable for the small space occupied by its powerful engine of 900-horse power. The sailors on board all these ships are smart, active men, for the most part young, singularly gentle and civil, and look remarkably contented and well-to-do; but one is struck by their comparatively diminutive size, and the absence of the muscular men shown by the English man-of-war's men. There can be no doubt that all that science and an unlimited amount of money can do to bring iron-clad vessels to perfection will be done by the French Emperor, who has set his heart upon the matter. But according to the professional opinion prevailing in this port, they are far indeed short of perfection as yet. The "spurs" make the vessels oscillate considerably, and the heavy anchors (of which some of them have four) sway inconveniently for a very long time after they are heaved up. The ships move slowly in anything like heavy weather, and are frequently forced to run for refuge to the nearest port. The serious want of ventilation experienced by the *Normandie* suggests the likelihood of a similar evil with the other vessels whenever they come to make a long voyage."

VOLUNTEER FETE AT HAMPSTEAD-HEATH.

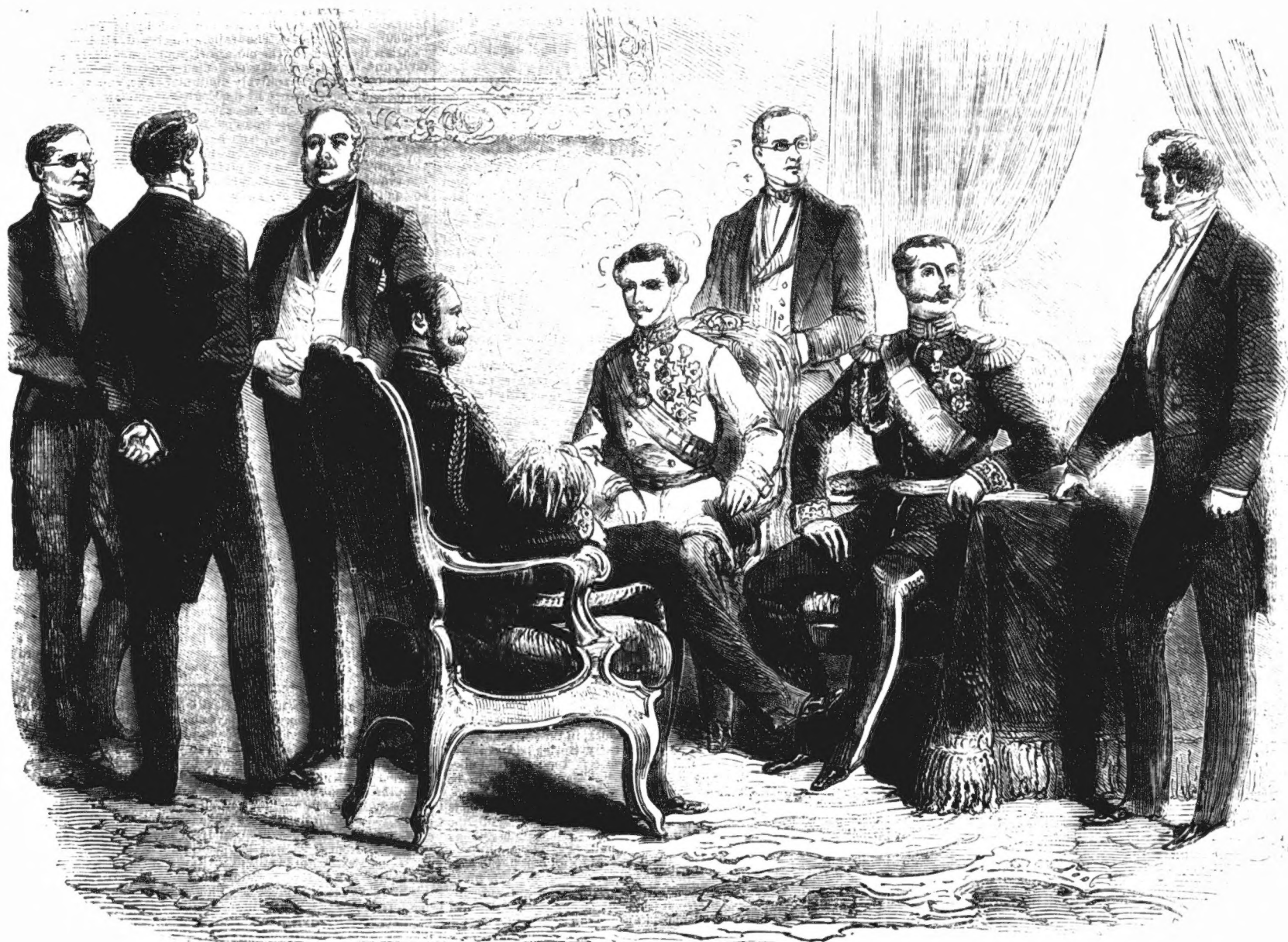
THE 29th North Middlesex Rifle Volunteers on Monday made a great demonstration, from a purely pacific and financial point of view—that is, a grand day and evening fete was got up in aid of the funds of the corps, and was carried out with much spirit in the grounds attached to the Hampstead-Heath Hotel, in the Vale of Health, Hampstead. The spacious gardens of the hotel and a park-like plot of ground adjoining were placed at the disposal of the regiment; and, under the superintendence of a committee, a variety of entertainments were prepared for the visitors that were expected to patronise the occasion. In number these far exceeded any expectations that could well have been formed, and a very sensible addition must have been made to the regimental treasury by the receipts taken at the doors alone. A grand burlesque pedestrian and equestrian extravaganza, in the shape of a tournament, in which the knights capered on hobby horses, where the king was regal after the manner of Harry the Eighth, and the Queen of Beauty was a "lubberly boy," was really very well done, the actors again being members of the corps, and caused uproarious merriment. Three volunteer bands discoursed excellent music throughout the day, and every and ample accommodation was provided for dancing; and all this coming to pass, first under a bright, but not oppressive sunshine, and afterwards beneath the light of a brilliant moon, while every one had space and liberty to rove about without inconvenience, amidst a merry crowd—it may be supposed that the fete was successful.

BLONDIN IN DANGER.—The Seville journals state that during a performance in that city a few days since Blondin was nearly losing his life, and only owed his escape to his presence of mind. While performing he had on a head-dress, to which was attached a piece of firework in the shape of a wheel. When that was lighted it assumed a rotary motion so violent that Blondin was unable to resist the movement, and, feeling his danger, let go the barrow he had been driving before him, as well as his balancing-pole, and endeavoured to undo the strings which attached the burning head-dress to his neck. He dropped from the rope, keeping himself suspended from it by one leg while he divested himself of the apparatus, the fire-works still exploding. At length he succeeded, and came down in safety, amidst the cheers of the spectators.

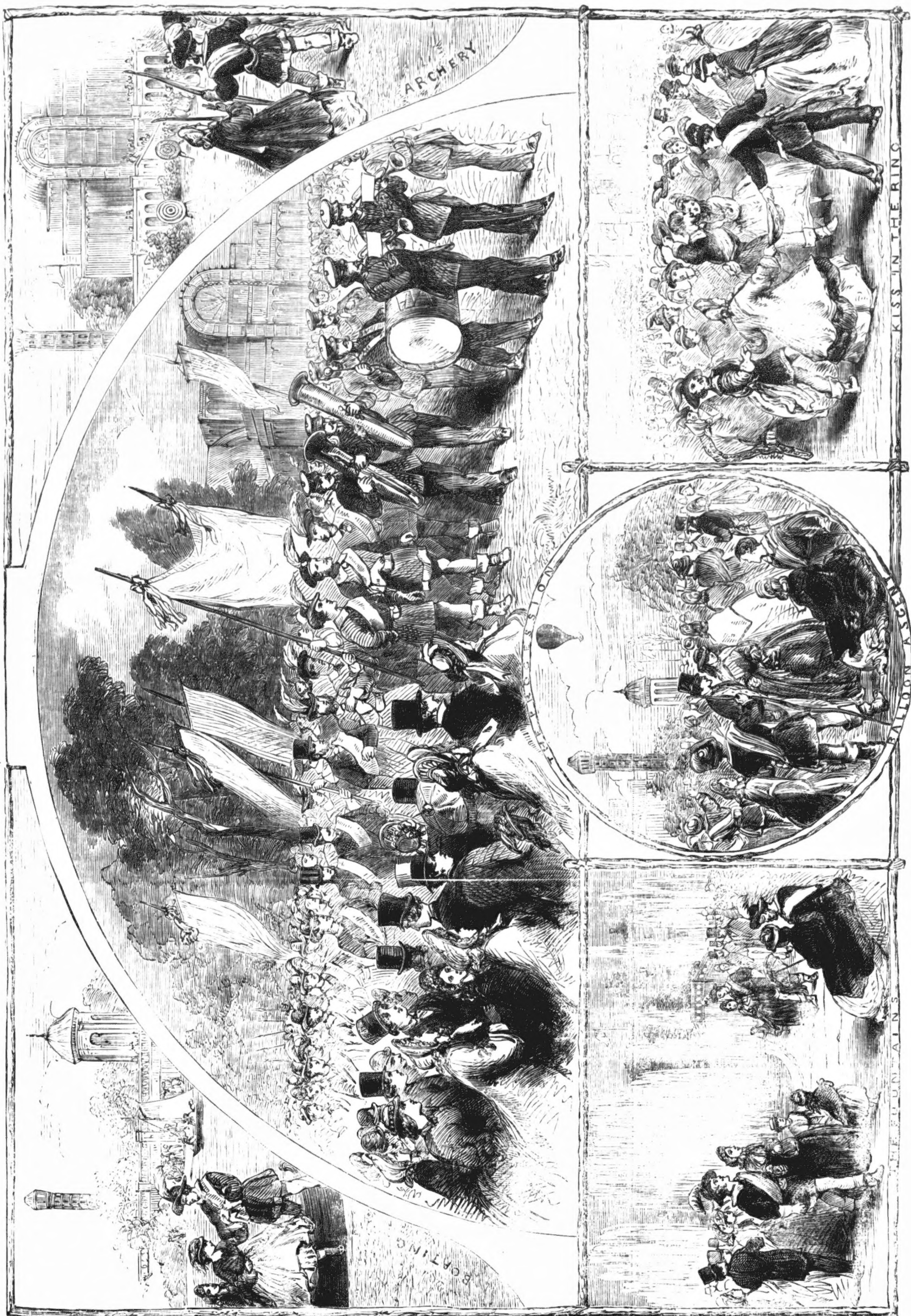
PROGRESS OF MORMONISM.—This year has been a very fruitful one for the Mormon elders in foreign lands. While our people have been engaged by civil war, these vagabonds have been busy proselytising among the ignorant of all the nations of Europe. The Mormons now boast of having a representative from every civilised nation on earth. Not less than ten thousand souls have or will cross the plains this year.—*Leicesterworth Bulletin*.



THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND HIS STAFF AT FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE. (See page 165.)



THE CONGRESS OF GERMAN PRINCES AT FRANKFORT. (See page 165.)



THE FORGERS' FETE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE—INCIDENTS FROM THE VARIOUS PROCEEDINGS. (See page 172.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

DRURY LANE.—The new comedy with which the season opens on September 1st, is entitled "Nature's Above Art," a romance of the nursery. Messrs Walter Lacy, Addison, Barrett, G. Belmore, P. Charles, Neville, Miss Saunders, Miss R. Leclercq, Mrs. Melville, and Mrs. E. Falconer perform in it.

PRINCESS'S.—This house was opened on Saturday by the new aspirant to public favour, Mr. Walter Montgomery, the gentleman whose coming advent was so long announced by Mr. Fechter, at the Lyceum. He had chosen for his opening the character of Shylock, in the "Merchant of Venice," and Lavater, in the comic drama of "Not a Bad Judge." In Shakspeare's play, without entering into a dissection of his performance, we must simply state that his conception of the character of the unscrupulous Jew is a mistake, and attribute the indiscriminate plaudits of a house crowded with the actor's friends to an obligatory feeling. In comedy, as evinced by his impersonation of Lavater, Mr. Montgomery is far more likely to succeed. The performances this week have been varied with "Othello," "King John," "The Rough Diamond," and "Lend me Five Shillings."

ADOLPHI.—A new two-act comic drama, somewhat oddly called "The Hen and Chickens; or, A Sign of Affection," was produced on Monday, for the purpose of introducing one of the most genuine actresses of the present day—we allude to Mrs. Stirling—who, on her entry, was received with a general burst of welcome from a crowded house. The following is the plot of what is a really admirable drama.—Mrs. Soft Sawderley (Mrs. Stirling) is a mother-in-law to a Mr. Alfred Casby (Mr. Billington), a gentleman of good fortune, who has married her daughter, Angelina (Miss Simms). For the first twelvemonths of this married life things go on most successfully, notwithstanding all are residing together. About this period Mr. Casby finds that the perpetual interest which Mrs. Soft Sawderley takes in their welfare is a serious drawback to his happiness. He is ever finding the devoted mother-in-law in his apartment, intent upon pleasantly surprising him with gifts, and consoling his wife for an absence which she insists upon as a portion of his marital rights. He thus finds himself, by a conduct springing from the best of motives, deprived each day of his wife's society; and as he passionately loves Angelica, and feels the strength of the attachment which subsists between her and her mother, he is perplexed how to secure his own happiness without destroying theirs. An upholsterer's bill for the decorations of a house that he has been fitting up at St. John's-wood is left during his absence, and rouses the jealousy of his wife by suggesting that she has a rival in his affections. Taking advantage of the consternation into which this throws the Soft Sawderley family, he abruptly retires to the new villa he has purchased, and awaits the result of events with anxiety. His wife is the first to follow him, and matters being soon explained between them, she is freed from all doubts of his fidelity, whilst she enjoys the quiet companionship with her husband with all the zest of novelty. The affectionate mother-in-law, however, speedily breaks in upon their retirement, and an amusing equivocal ensues, during which she is not only allowed to believe that Alfred has renounced her daughter for a less honourable connexion, but that an infant who is heard crying in an adjoining apartment is proof of his immorality having been of some months' duration. The baby, who is the ultimate means of contributing to the happiness of all parties, turns out to be her grandchild the result of a clandestine union formed by Pom Sawderley (Mr. Eburne), a young midshipman, who has hurried up from Portsmouth to secure a successor to a nurse who has hitherto had charge of the motherless child. With this new object to which she can transfer her affections, the over-zealous mother-in-law is content to consign her married daughter to the entire care of her husband, and thus a prospect of future felicity seems secured. Mrs. Stirling acted with all that natural vivacity and refined grace and feeling which have so long obtained for her the deserved admiration of the public. The overflowing of maternal love, excusable in its very excess, could not have been more earnestly depicted, and her occasional touches of unaffected pathos went directly home to the heart. As the young wife, still trustfully clinging to the one who had guided her from infancy, Miss Henrietta Simms pleasingly indicated the sense she had of her "divided duty," and Mr. Billington acted the husband with irreproachable propriety. A footman was characteristically personated by Mr. R. Phillips, and Mr. C. H. Stephenson was an unexceptional father-in-law, whose personal peculiarities developed themselves in a close study of the barometer and its indications. A Miss Bateman, an American actress, shortly appears here.

CITY OF LONDON.—"Leah and Nathan; or, The Lawyer's Clerk," and "Jack the Highwayman," have proved an irresistible bill of fare to the patrons of this favourite house. The introduction into the latter play of the novelty of a stud of real horses (now that Astley's is defunct) has contributed doubtless to the success.

CREMORNE.—The production of the great tournament has well repaid Mr. E. T. Smith, the lessee, for his lavish outlay. It is a scene to which we would urge all who have not already been to go and see.

NEW ROYALTY.—Another effort is now being made to bring this most unfortunate speculation into popularity. The widow of the late talented comedian and dramatic author, Mr. Charles Selby, has ventured on the hazardous experiment, and opens on Monday with a new and original comedy, in two acts, written by her late husband, called "Court Gallants." From the promises held out of the class of entertainments to be given, Mrs. Selby deserves success if she does not command it.

THEATRICALS IN AUSTRIA.—Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN has been doing so well in Melbourne that he has been induced to become the lessee of the Theatre Royal for three years.

Mr. CHARLES KEAN has kept himself perfectly unfettered as regards entering into engagements, preferring to see and elect, on his arrival, at what houses he would appear.

It is rumoured Mr. G. V. Brooke is about visiting Melbourne.

Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES DILLON are playing in Sydney.

MR. MELLON'S CONCERTS.—These attractive performances continue to render life in London at this season of the year supportable: they fill a void in the evening amusements that otherwise would be severely felt. On this ground alone, Mr. Mellon deserves the brilliant success that has attended his speculations. To us, it is a source of some regret that promenade concerts, so ably conducted, are not a permanent institution of the metropolis. The production of "Faust," which is in many respects well fitted for an elaborate instrumental arrangement, was a task undertaken and most ably executed by Mr. Mellon. The young Polish violinist, Mr. Lotto, has achieved an unequivocal triumph.

HIGHBURY BARN, ISLINGTON.—This, one of the oldest places of entertainment in or near London, has, during the past season, been well attended. The gardens and halls, &c., have, under the judicious oversight of the proprietor, been made as elegant as any place of amusement we know. These attractions, combined with the zeal and care with which the varied amusements have been produced, under the superintendence of Mr. D. Taylor, the general manager, must have produced results highly gratifying to Mr. Giovannielli, whose annual benefit took place on Monday, when the spirited conduct we have here adverted to met with its proper recognition.

Miss Amy Sedgwick has appeared at the Margate Theatre, in "The Lady of Lyons" and the "School for Scandal."

Mr. Tom Taylor's "Ticket-of-Leave Man" is to be produced forthwith at Manchester.

The Court.

Her Majesty the Queen and the princes and princesses have taken drives in the neighbourhood of the Rozenan and to Coburg, and have visited the Duchess of Coburg at the Kalenberg. The Duchess of Coburg has dined several times with the Queen.

The Princess of Wied and her daughter, who were staying for a few days at Coburg, were received at the Rozenan by the Queen. Her Royal Highness the Crown Princess of Prussia, Princess Royal, arrived the other evening on a visit to the Duchess of Coburg, and drove over to the Rozenan to visit the Queen.

Miss Emma Lascelles has been appointed to be one of her Majesty's maids of honour in ordinary, in the room of the Hon. Adelaide Cavendish, resigned. The Hon. Lucy Caroline Lyttelton has been appointed to be one of her Majesty's maids of honour in ordinary, in the room of the Hon. Cecilia Byng, resigned.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

ST. LEGER.—9 to 2 agst Lord St. Vincent's Lord Clifden (t); 5 to 1 agst Mr. Valentine's Queen Bertha (t); 5 to 1 agst Mr. Saville's The Ranger (t and off); 10 to 1 agst Mr. H. Owen's Golden Pledge (t); 11 to 1 agst Lord Stamford's Avenger (off); 20 to 1 agst Lord Strathmore's Saccharometer (off); 25 to 1 agst Mr. L'Anson's Borealis (t); 33 to 1 agst Lord Stamford's Onesander (t); 40 to 1 agst Mr. Naylor's Prairie (off); 50 to 1 agst Baron Rothschild's Brother to Morocco (t); 50 to 1 agst Lord Glasgow's Light Bob (t); 50 to 1 agst Lord Glasgow's Double X (t); 1,000 to 15 agst Mr. Ashworth's Dr. Syntax (t); 1,000 to 10 agst Mr. L'Anson's Bonny Bell (t); 1,000 to 10 agst Lord Glasgow's Clarion (t).

DERBY.—15 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's Paris (t); 16 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Scottish Chief (t); 25 to 1 agst Mr. L'Anson's Blair Athol (t); 40 to 1 agst Mr. J. Scott's Claremont (t); 1,000 to 15 agst Lord Uxbridge's Durham (t); 9 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's lot (t); 20 to 1 agst Lord Glasgow's lot (t).

A MAN MAKES HIS LAST WILL AND SPEAKS HIS MIND.

A SHORT time since, Mr. William Dunlop, of Gairbraid, Colborne Township, C.W., departed this life, leaving the following as his last will and testament. It is now being contested in Chancery, in the district of Huron, on the ground that its author was insane. There was certainly some sense to his whims, as may be seen from the following copy of the will:—

"In the name of God, amen. I, William Dunlop, of Gairbraid, in the Township of Colborne, and district of Huron, Western Canada, Esquire, being in sound health, and my mind just as usual, which my friends who flatter me say is no great shakes at the best of times, do make this my last will and testament as follows:—Revoking, of course, all former wills, I leave the property of Gairbraid, and all other landed property I may die possessed of, to my sisters Ellen Boyle Story and Elizabeth Boyle Dunlop, the former, because she is married to a minister, whom (God help him) she bespeaks; the latter, because she is married to nobody, nor is she like to be, for she is an old maid, and not market-ripe; and also I leave to them and their heirs my share of the stock and implements on the farm; provided always that the enclosure around my brother's grave be reserved, and, if either should die without issue, then the other to inherit the whole. I leave to my sister-in-law, Louisa Dunlop, all my share of the household furniture and such traps, with the exceptions hereinafter mentioned. I leave my silver tankard to the eldest son of old John, as the representative of the family. I should have left it to old John himself, but he would melt it down to make temperance medals, and that would be sacrilege; however, I leave my big horn snuff-box to him; he can only make temperance horn spoons with that. I leave my sister Jenny my Bible, formerly the property of my great-grandmother, Bertha Hamilton, of Woodhall, and when she knows as much of the spirit of it as she does of the letter she will be another Christian than she is. I also leave my late brother's watch to my brother Andy, exhorting him at the same time to give up Whiggery, Radicalism, and all other sins that do most easily beset him. I leave my brother Allen my big silver snuff-box, as I am informed he is rather a decent Christian, with a swag belly and a jolly face. I leave Parson Chevasse (Maggie's husband) the small box I got from the Barnia Militia, as a small token of my gratitude for the service he has done the family in taking a sister that no man of taste would have taken. I leave John Cadeel a silver teapot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom to comfort him under the affliction of a slatternly wife. I leave my books to my brother Andrew, because he has been so long a jangly wolloh that he may learn to read with them. I give my silver cup, with a sovereign in it, to my sister Janet Graham Dunlop, because she is an old maid, and pious, and therefore will necessarily take to horning; and also my granny's snuff-shell, as it looks decent to see an old woman taking snuff. In witness thereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, the 31st day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two.

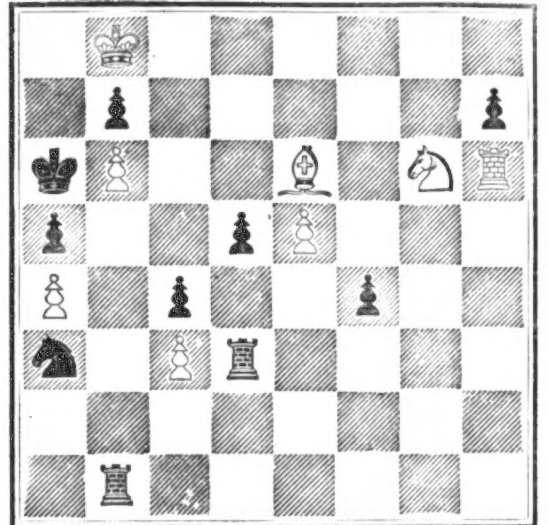
(Signed)

"W. DUNLOP."

FORGERY.—CLEVER DETECTION.—On the 15th of July last there was presented for payment at the Royal Bank of Scotland an order on the bank for 17*l*, bearing to be drawn by Mr. David George Stow, a partner of the Port Eglinton Spinning Company, in favour of Mr. Alexander Turner. The order was cashed, but two days afterwards it was discovered to be a forgery. The bank placed the matter in the hands of Mr. Superintendent Robb, of the Glasgow police, and that officer, after a protracted and laborious inquiry, has just succeeded in tracing the forgery to its source. About ten days ago Mr. Robb had his attention directed to a man named William Paul, a clerk in the employment of Mr. Alexander Shaw, mason, Eglinton-street, who had for some time been observed to be rather flush of money. On Thursday night Paul was brought to the Southern Police-station, on suspicion of having been tampering with his present employer's affairs, when Mr. Robb took the opportunity of asking Mr. Shaw if he had ever done any work for the Port Eglinton Spinning Company, and in what form he had got payment. Mr. Shaw stated that he had done such work, and that he had on several occasions got payment in cheques on the Royal Bank of Scotland—a piece of information which confirmed Mr. Robb's suspicions that Mr. Shaw's clerk was the forger of whom he was in pursuit. Paul was thereupon brought in and searched, when there was found on his person a pocket-book, containing an exact copy of a cheque which Mr. Shaw had got from the Port Eglinton Spinning Company on 6th of March, in payment of an account. The writing on this cheque was reproduced, line for line, on one page of the pocket-book, and on another page was a less perfect copy of the same, which looked as if the writer had been practising the signature and style of penmanship in the original document. Having obtained this strong confirmation of his suspicions Mr. Robb proceeded to search Paul's lodgings, and here he found in a chest the sum of £100, a considerable portion of it being in notes of the Royal Bank of Scotland. He has since discovered an additional sum, which brings the whole amount recovered up to about £109. It appears that Paul is an old offender. In 1856 he was sentenced to four years' penal servitude, for forging the name of a lady in Renfrewshire to a bank cheque.—*Glasgow Herald*.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 130—By J. S. Black.



White.
White to move, and mate in four moves.

LESSONS FOR LEARNERS.

THE OPENINGS OF CHESS.

(Continued from page 122.)

III.—THE KING'S GAMBIT.

The King's Knight Gambit.

- | White. | Black. |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. P to K B 4 | 2. P takes P |
| 3. K Kt to B 3 | 3. P to K Kt 4 |
| 4. B to Q B 4 | 4. B to Kt 2 |

Salvio Gambit.

- | White. | Black. |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. P to K B 4 | 2. P takes P |
| 3. K Kt to B 3 | 3. P to K Kt 4 |
| 4. B to Q B 4 | 4. P to K Kt 5 |
| 5. Kt to K 5 | 5. Q to Kt 5 (ch) |
| 6. K to B square | 6. K Kt to R 3 |

Muzio Gambit.

- | White. | Black. |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. P to K B 4 | 2. P takes P |
| 3. K Kt to B 3 | 3. P to K Kt 4 |
| 4. B to Q B 4 | 4. P to K Kt 5 |
| 5. Castles | 5. P takes Kt |

Allgaier Gambit.

- | White. | Black. |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. P to K B 4 | 2. P takes P |
| 3. K Kt to B 3 | 3. P to K Kt 4 |
| 4. P to Q R 4 | |

Cunningham Gambit.

- | White. | Black. |
|----------------|------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. P to K B 4 | 2. P takes P |
| 3. K Kt to B 3 | 3. R to K 2 |
| 4. B to Q B 4 | 4. B to R 5 (ch) |

The King's Bishop's Gambit.

- | White. | Black. |
|------------------|------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. P to K B 4 | 2. P takes P |
| 3. R to Q B 4 | 3. Q to R 5 (ch) |
| 4. K to B square | |

Gambit Declined.

- | White. | Black. |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. P to K B 4 | 2. P to Q 4 |
| | 2. B to Q B 4 |

(To be continued.)

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 123.

- | White. | Black. |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. R to Q 3 | 1. Q to Q R 8 (a) |
| 2. Q to K 5 | 2. P to B 6 (ch) (b) |
| 3. Kt to B 7 (dis ch) | 3. Q to B 4 |
| 4. R mates | |

- | (a) | (b) |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Q to R 2 (ch) | 1. Kt to B 6 (b) |
| 2. Q takes Kt (ch) | 2. Kt to R 5 (best) |
| 3. K mates | 3. K takes Q |
| 3. Kt to B 7 (dis ch) | 2. R to B 3 (ch) |
| 4. R mates | 3. Q takes Q |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 124.

- | White. | Black. |
|-----------------------|---------------|
| 1. P to K B 4 | 1. P moves |
| 2. K to K 7 | 2. P takes Kt |
| 3. Kt to K B 6 (mate) | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 125.

- | White. | Black. |
|-------------------|---------------|
| 1. Kt to Q B 6 | 1. Q to K R 7 |
| 2. Kt to Q 4 (ch) | 2. K moves |
| 3. Q mates | |

Black has other defences, but none that can delay the mate.

THE LATE DRAMATIC COLLEGE FETE.

THE following acknowledgment of Mr. Nelson Lee's services has been forwarded to him by the council:—

"Dear Sir,—I have been directed by the council to convey to you an expression of their opinion in relation to the benefits the college has obtained from your services, and I think I cannot better discharge the duty than by forwarding the following copy of their minutes, viz:—

"Reference having been made to the great benefit which had been derived from Richardson's show and Ambwell's menagerie, and to the important services of Mr. Nelson Lee in seeing to their construction, his valuable ideas and general management, as well before as on the days of performance, it was unanimously resolved that the thanks of the council be voted to him for his devotion to the interests of the college thus evinced."

"I am, dear sir, yours truly,

"July 30, 1863.

"J. W. ANSON, Secretary."

Lab and Police.

POLICE COURTS. MANION HOUSE.

THE BOTTLE.—A poor man, in great distress, applied to Alderman Sir Robert Carden, who sat for the Lord Mayor, for some relief. On being asked, he gave the name of John Crowe, and said that he had for some time held the office of Professor of the Celtic Languages and Literature in the Queen's College, Galway, until the 1st of January last, when he was compelled to resign it. He was asked why by the alderman, and he replied in a sorrowful tone that he was obliged to relinquish it through drink. He continued to say that he left Galway in the beginning of February last, and went over to France, in the hope of obtaining some employment in the way of teaching. He did a little in that way at Boulogne, and afterwards proceeded to Paris, where he remained a few weeks, and would literally have starved, but for the consideration of some English gentlemen residing there. He landed recently at Dover with only a few pence in his pocket, and had walked thence to London. On arriving here he was in a state of complete destitution, and had since been driven to beg in the streets for the means of subsistence, and where, too, he had often spent whole nights from sheer inability to pay for a bed. He had applied in his extremity for admission to almost every workhouse in London, but without gaining it, and he mentioned those of St. Pancras and Marylebone among others. He sought a night's shelter in the refuge in Field-lane, but not having applied until after the prescribed time for admission, of which he had been ignorant, he did not succeed and was obliged to sleep in the streets. Being a Catholic, he had the same evening waited four or five hours before going to Field-lane, at the entrance to a Catholic charitable institution, in the hope of being relieved, but the answer was that they could not help strangers. Sir Robert Carden said he was one of the melancholy instances of men of education giving way to drink, and so coming to poverty. The applicant said he knew it too well, but he had determined to abstain, and in the state of misery in which he was he would be grateful for the chance of earning even 6s. a week at literary work. Sir Robert Carden strongly recommended him to return to Galway, where he was known, and where, if he had earnestly resolved to abstain from drinking, he was more likely to obtain employment than in London, in his present destitute condition. Sir Robert offered to furnish him with the means of going there. The applicant hesitated, and then said he should be ashamed to return to Galway. He turned all his friends against him by not resigning his professorship, and he was at length actually removed at the instance of Sir Robert Peel. Sir Robert Carden said he might think over the matter, and gave him an order of admission into the City of London Union in the meantime. The applicant said he was grateful for the opportunity which would thus be afforded him of recruiting his shattered health, and took his leave.

BOW STREET.

A FIRST VOLUNTEER.—Frederick Page, a well-dressed young man, was charged with assaulting another young man, also of gentlemanly appearance, named James Henderson. It appeared that the complainant and some friends attended on Saturday night the concert given by Mr. Mellon, at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. They were in the promenade, and were engaged in conversation with some women, when the prisoner, who stood near them, and was accompanied by his two sisters, remonstrated with them for speaking loud. A quarrel ensued, and the prisoner seized Mr. Henderson by the collar, struck him on the nose, causing blood to flow, and knocked him down. Inspector Eccles then came up, and the prisoner was given into custody. He was in volunteer uniform, and made an attempt to draw his bayonet, threatening to stab the inspector, but a sergeant who was with Mr. Eccles prevented him. He then called on other volunteers to assist him. He was with considerable difficulty removed from the house, and taken to the station. Neither the prisoner nor the complainant was perfectly sober. The prisoner alleged that the conversation which he complained of was not only loud, but indecent, and that on his remonstrating an obscene expression was applied to him by the complainant. He denied that he was intoxicated, but admitted that he was excited and indignant in consequence of improper language being used in the hearing of his sisters. He also said that he did not strike the complainant till after the latter had laid hands on him. Several witnesses were called on both sides, and the evidence was most conflicting. Complainant's witnesses denied that he used bad language, and attributed it to the defendant. But all the witnesses agreed as to the "slight" intoxication of complainant and defendant. Mr. Henry said the defendant's conduct was ungentlemanly, and particularly unbecoming to a person wearing a volunteer uniform. Probably he would have behaved better if he had been sober, but drunkenness was a very bad defence for a member of that body to rely upon. Under any provocation, it was improper to resort to blows in a theatre, where it was sure to lead to a considerable disturbance. He must pay a fine of £5, or be imprisoned for two months. The fine was paid.

MARYLEBONE.

THE YOUNG WIFE, JEALOUS HUSBAND, AND THE MARRIED LODGER.—A tall, stout, dark-whiskered man, named George Ballard, residing at 9, Seymour-place, appeared before Mr. Yardley, to answer a complaint made against him by Frances Williams. The complainant, about 18 or 19 years of age, stily dressed, and good-looking, said: I am a young married woman, living in the same house as the prisoner. For the last fortnight or more, he has been making his "obedience" to me, both when he sees me by myself and also in the presence of my husband. Mr. Yardley: What do you mean by his "obedience"? Complainant (blushing): Well, sir, if I must tell, I must. He nods and winks at me, as if he was making love to me. (Laughter.) Does he laugh at you as well? Yes, sir. Last Saturday night he was winking at me, and I told him I did not wish for his attentions. He made use of bad language, and said something about my eyes. He afterwards struck my husband, and I took hold of his (defendant's) waistcoat. Defendant: Whiskers you mean, you fascinating creature. Joseph Williams, about half the size of defendant, said: I am a saddler, an husband to that young lady (turning affectionately to complainant, who reciprocated the smiles). He then scowled fiercely at defendant, and said to his worship, "For some time past this man has been making 'obediences' to my wife to try to cause me to be jealous (laughter), and I have not liked it." (Roars of laughter.) Mr. Yardley: Has he succeeded in making you jealous? Husband: Well, no, not at present. He said he would speak to her whenever he liked, and where he liked. I told him he should not, when he kicked me behind and struck me. My wife held him by the waistcoat and got me away. Cross-examined: I might have called you a black-muzzled, dirty hound. You made your "obedience" to my wife, to make me jealous, but it's no go (laughter). Defendant, in the midst of roars of laughter, said: I have my own wife in court, if your worship would like to look at her; she is quite as good looking, and I believe I love her as well as any other woman. I have lived in the house for nearly four years, during which time this young man came to lodge there, and has recently married this fascinating young wife. Her fascinating ways have quite captivated him. I think the saddle should be on the other horse, for I believe she has been trying to make my wife jealous. On returning home the night that they speak of, they were both at the window. She called me a vile name, and he called me a black-muzzled hound. I said if he came out I would kick his posterior. As he came out I kept my word, and sent him half-way across the street. After this we had a struggle, and somehow his "dear love" got struck. It's all a fallacy to say I'm jealous of her, although she has got all her tricks upon her. Mr. Yardley had no doubt that the defendant had made "obedience" to the complainant, as she termed it, with a view to excite the ire of her husband against her. He had behaved in a most insulting manner. He was then fined 10s., or seven days' imprisonment. The defendant paid the money, and left the court with his own wife.

CATCHING A TARTAR.—James Barry, calling himself a jeweller, residing at Southampton, was charged with picking the pocket of Richard Christie, a constable of the V division. Christie said: This morning I was going by the eight o'clock excursion train to the South of Ireland, and while I was getting my ticket on the platform of the Great Western Railway the prisoner pushed against me, and shortly after I saw my watch in his hand, and gave him in charge. Samuel Andrews, relieving officer of St. Pancras, said: I went to take tickets for my wife and sister by the train. Not liking the manner of the prisoner, who was pushing everybody about, I kept my eye on him, and saw him take the watch from the pocket of the officer. I took hold of his wrist, and the watch dropped from his hand. As soon as I took hold of his hand he made the remark that it was a lever watch. (Laughter.) Mr. Yardley sentenced the prisoner to three months' imprisonment with hard labour.

SINGULAR CASE.—A well-dressed man, who gave the name of Joseph Solomon Millard, was charged before Mr. Yardley under the following circumstances. Elizabeth Hitchcock, a married woman, residing at Kilburn, said: Last evening I was coming up the Edgware-road, along with my husband, when the prisoner, who was proceeding in a contrary direction, stopped in front of me, and, without saying a word, seized me by the throat. My husband released me, and prisoner struck him, and used great violence. After a deal of scuffling, he was locked up. Mr. Yardley (to prisoner): Have you any question to ask? Prisoner: I had too much drink, and I am sorry for what I have done. Mr. Yardley: Do you sup-

pose that because you get too much to drink, you can go and assault women in this way? Have you any witnesses to call in your behalf? Prisoner: I was so drunk that I know nothing of it or who was there. Henry Hitchcock, police-constable, 429 S, said: Without any words or provocation prisoner seized my wife by the throat as I was walking with her. I asked him what he was doing, and he struck me a blow, and still held my wife. I tried to loose his hold, when he broke my wife's bonnet. In the struggle he tore my coat, my shirt, and scratched my breast. Mr. Yardley again asked if there was any witness for the prisoner, when a man from the body of the court said he saw the transaction. He was ordered into the witness-box, and gave the name of Cornelius Hogan, living at 11, Homer-street. He said: I was driving past at the time, and saw the policeman having hold of the man by the collar; but I must tell your worship I did not see anything that had occurred with the woman. When the officer had prisoner by the collar he (the officer) punched him in the face, and he was smothered in blood. Mr. Yardley (to Hitchcock): Did you strike the prisoner? Hitchcock: I did not. Mr. Yardley: Was there any blood upon the prisoner? Hitchcock: There was, but that was about him before he came up to us. Mr. Yardley: Now on your solemn oath, did you not strike him? Hitchcock: No, I did not, sir. Mr. Yardley: Did you do anything at all to him? Hitchcock: I shook him when he struck and seized me. Hogan: He was on the ground shaking the prisoner. Mr. Yardley: Were you on the ground? Hitchcock: We were; as we both fell together. Mr. Yardley: What did you do then? Hitchcock: I tried to get him on to his feet, and asked him to go to the station-house. Hogan: It seemed to be a great shame, this assault, and there were other witnesses who could speak to it. Mr. Yardley: Do be quiet, sir; you seem to be as zealous about this case as if you were an advocate. Let me tell you, you weaken your case by showing that you are a partisan. Witnesses: I am no partisan. William Price: I was going towards the Welsh Harp, at London, and when near the railway bridge, noticed the policeman having the man by the throat, and heartily hitting his head against the hedge. He would not desist when requested, and I went to look for another constable, but finding none I returned, and saw the prisoner being taken to the station-house. I begged of him not to use the man in the way he was doing, and offered my assistance to get him to the station if he wanted any. This being the whole of the evidence on both sides, Mr. Yardley observed that it was highly important in a case of this kind that both sides should have their statements fully heard and investigated. It seemed to him that there was a good deal of truth in the evidence of the persons who had come forward on behalf of the prisoner. He certainly did think at first that it was a case where he should be called upon to send prisoner to goal without the option of paying a fine, and had he not received a good amount of punishment, he should have done so. Assuming that the prisoner did assault the wife, the husband took upon himself to punish him. Whether that punishment was excessive or not, he would not say, as that was not the question then before him. The prisoner would be discharged.

WORSHIP-STREET.

STRANGE CASE OF ROBBERY.—A well-dressed person, about 23 years of age, and fair complexion, was charged with having stolen two silver watches. He gave his name John Swift. Mrs. Kayser, the wife of a tradesman, at Horton, said that the prisoner engaged lodgings at her house on the 13th inst., and at that time the property in question was safe in a separate apartment, but very shortly afterwards both the watches and the "gentleman" had disappeared. She gave information to the police, with a description of Mr. Swift, who subsequently was taken into custody. N 73 stated that when he apprehended the prisoner the latter denied all knowledge of the watches, but two duplicate receipts to them were found in his pocket; each was pledged on the day of the robbery for 10s., in the name of "Jones," one at Mr. Savage's, in Whitechapel-road, and the other at the shop of Mr. Myers, Holywell-lane, Shoreditch. The prisoner was identified as the person who effected the last pledge, and Mrs. Kayser swore to the property. Mr. Leigh over him to be imprisoned with hard labour for six months, as, although he had been remanded a week, not anything apart from this charge was known against him. Had it been otherwise, he should have sent him for trial. The prisoner heard his sentence with the same apathy he had pleaded guilty, but on reaching the cell and looking into it, he observed quickly to the gaoler, "Well, six months is rather a long term, I should think, for two watches, not 50s. in worth. It is very extraordinary that my friends have not sent me money from Norfolk. I wonder whether my letter reached there. My poor hounds, too, there's not any one to feed them now except my sister. Ah, this all comes of going into the haymarket. I lost £25 in money and a gold watch there, and I could not afterwards do without money." The prisoner was removed in the van.

THAMES.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF FRAUD.—Charles Anson, a dark, tall, and swarthy Jew, about 40 years of age, was brought before Mr. Partridge charged with obtaining sixteen coats, value £7 10s. Isaac Goldstein, a little foreign Jew, with a red beard and mustache, gave his evidence with great vehemence. His impassioned gestures, grimaces, and mode of delivery created much amusement. He said he was a clothes dealer, dwelling in Umbertone-street, Commercial-road. On the evening of Thursday, the previous week, the prisoner called upon him, and said he wanted to buy a coat, looked at a great many, and at last selected four black coats and twelve other ones. The prisoner showed him a note for £17, and said he would get cash for it and pay for the goods when they were sent home to his house, No 91, Heath-street, Stepney. He went to the house with his child, left the sixteen coats there, and asked the prisoner for his money. Prisoner said he could not get change for his cheque. He demanded his goods, and the prisoner said, "You shall not have them." He then asked for payment, and the prisoner regularly pitched into him, and gave me a good hiding into the bargain. The prisoner took his goods away from him by force. "That," continued the witness, "was mine payment." (Laughter.) Mr. Partridge: An old way of paying new debts, not a new way to pay old debts. Witness: He threw water over me. He said I'll cool you. (Roars of laughter.) He said he would pay me over the face and eyes. I went to his house several times; he was always out on business. Yesterday I saw him in Leman-street, Whitechapel. He was wearing my coat. I said, "You rogue, you thief, you swindler, you robber, will you come to the station-house?" He said, "No, I won't," and he seized me by the throat, and said, "I'll choke you." That is how he paid for mine coats. (Laughter.) Mark Goldstein confirmed the statement of his brother in every particular. The prisoner cross-examined the witnesses, who said they could not read. The prisoner did not say he had a bill of exchange, but said he had a note for £17. The prisoner asked for an invoice, and one was given. The prisoner (triumphantly): Yes, you sold me the goods. It is only a debt. An officer of the court said the prisoner was in custody a year ago, on a charge of fraud. The prisoner said the coats were sold to him. Mr. Partridge: You have been here before. Your conduct is very suspicious. You are remanded.

A STUNNING CHARGE.—William Brownlow, a military-looking man, about 30 years of age, was brought before Mr. Partridge, charged with stealing 12s. 6d. from Thomas Milen, a hairdresser. The prosecutor stated that he was living at No. 12, Brick-lane, Whitechapel. That morning he was passing along an alley leading out of Church-lane, or Back Church-lane, Whitechapel, when he met the prisoner, who knocked him down and ill-used him. After that he accompanied the prisoner to a public-house, called the Red Lion, at the corner of Leman-street and High-street, Whitechapel, where he remained some time, until the prisoner put his hand in his pocket and took from it 12s. 6d. He followed the prisoner until he met with a police-constable, and gave the prisoner into custody. Adam Carr, 40 H, said the prisoner was given into his custody by the hairdresser Milen, who said he had been robbed of 12s. 6d. Mr. Partridge: Did he say he had been knocked down previously? Carr: No, he said nothing about that. Mr. Partridge: How is that, Milen? The prosecutor said he thought it was enough to mention the robbery, without the knocking down. Mr. Partridge: And where was the landlord of the public-house when you were robbed in front of the bar? Witness: I really don't know, sir. Carr was questioned by the magistrate, and said the Red Lion was as well conducted as such a house could be. It was generally open till two o'clock in the morning, not always. No complaints had been made against the house. Mr. Partridge: Were the parties drunk or sober? Carr: The prisoner was sober; the barber was intoxicated. Mr. Partridge asked the prosecutor why he continued in the prisoner's company for a long time after he had been knocked down. The prosecutor: I did not keep his company, anyhow. The prisoner said he was innocent, and that he drank several pots of porter with Milen that morning, in which he was partially confirmed by a man named Joseph Fell, who said, "My worthy friend was charged all at once with stealing 12s. 6d. Why, he is as innocent as I am." Mr. Partridge said the complainant had told a very strange story, and he did not believe it. He then discharged the prisoner.

SOUTHWARK.

OUR COURTESHIP AND ITS RESULT.—Mary Ann Chard, a respectable-looking young woman, was placed at the bar charged with stealing the sum of 16s. from the person of John Quaint, under the following singular circumstances: The prosecutor, a fashionably-dressed young man, said that he was a naval architect, and resided at New-croas. On the previous night he met the prisoner near Waterloo-bridge, when she asked him to treat her. He told her he had not time, as he wished to catch an omnibus

at the Elephant and Castle, but if she liked he would give her a ride to that place, as he was going to call a cab. One was engaged, and they both got in, and at that time he had about 10s. in silver in his right waistcoat pocket. They proceeded a short distance, when he stopped the vehicle and intimated his intention to alight. He according got out, and on feeling for his money to pay the cabman, all his money was gone. A constable was sent for, and the prisoner was given into custody. The prisoner denied the charge altogether, and said that she had been most shamefully treated by the gentleman, who accosted her in Fleet-street, and asked her to jump into the cab with him. As he was going towards the Waterloo-road, where she lived, she consented, and a cab was hired in the Strand, into which they got. On the journey, and before the cab got half-way down the Waterloo-road, he put his hand to his waistcoat pocket and handed her some money to get a glass of wine, as he was going on in the cab and could not stop with her. She put the money in her pocket and stopped the cab, when the prosecutor called out that she had been robbing him. She denied it, and he sent for a constable, when she was taken to the station-house and locked up. Mr. Burcham asked what was the amount of money found on her. Police-constable 108 L said she handed him 3s. and 15s. were found in her pocket. The prosecutor was recalled, and said he did not come from Temple-bar, to the best of his belief, and he was sure he did not give her all the money. The cab-driver said he brought them from Temple-bar. The gentleman was under the influence of liquor at the time, but appeared to know what he was about. Mr. Burcham observed he had no doubt the girl's story was correct, and that she had been shamefully treated by the prosecutor. He accordingly ordered her to be discharged.

LAMBETH.

PROFLIGACY AND THE SUTCHING MAMA.—Elizabeth Cobb, a stout, well-dressed young woman of 19, with blood red hair, was brought up in custody from St. Thomas's Hospital, Surrey-gardens, and placed before Mr. Elliott, on a charge of swallowing a dose of sugar of lead for the purpose of destroying herself. Police constable William Bull, 131 P, said that on the previous Wednesday he was sent for to the shop of Mr. Massey, a surgeon on Camberwell-green, and on going there found the prisoner apparently very ill. Understanding that she had taken poison, and finding a paper on her marked "sugar of lead, Poison," he removed her without delay in a cab to St. Thomas's Hospital, where she remained till that morning, when she was given up to him. Mr. Elliott: How the prisoner avenged any reason to you for attempting this act of self destruction? Witness: No, your worship, she has not. Oakes, the gaoler: Since she has been in custody she has acknowledged to me that she swallowed a pennyworth of the sugar of lead first, which made her ill, but not ill enough, and she then bought two penny worth more of the stuff. Of this she took a part, and it made her so very sick that she went to Mr. Massey's, the doctor's shop, to get something to relieve her, and was there given into custody. Her mother is in attendance, and is very anxious to say a few words to your worship respecting the prisoner. The mother, a respectable-looking woman, here got into the witness-box, and said that for three years past she had had a vast deal of trouble with and anxiety about the prisoner, and had used every means in her power to redeem her from her wayward and ruinful courses, but it was all to no purpose. In reply to a question from the magistrate, the mother, who appeared much afflicted, admitted that the present was not the first attempt the prisoner had made to destroy herself. The magistrate was further informed that the prisoner's misconduct had been brought under the notice of Mr. Norton, and at that time he (Mr. Norton) had used every effort to place her in a situation or institution where she might be reeducated, but his humane efforts were of no avail. She soon relapsed into her former vicious courses. Mr. Elliott remarked that the only proper course that appeared to him to be pursued was to send the prisoner for trial, and he should therefore remand her for a week for the attendance of the medical gentleman to prove the fact of her having taken poison. The prisoner was accordingly remanded.

SHRIMPING.—Margaret Neale, a well-dressed young female, who refused to give her address, was charged before Mr. Elliott with attempting to steal a bundle containing eight pair of trousers from the shop of Mr. William Hurlock. James Ham, a detective officer belonging to the division of police, No. 320, said that on the evening before, while passing along the Watworth-road, he saw the prisoner standing in front of the prosecutor's shop, and observing her face, and having some knowledge of it, he determined to watch her. He had not been doing so more than a moment or two when he saw her get hold of a bundle of trousers hanging up at the door, and make two or three attempts to remove the string from an iron bolt to which it was attached. He (the witness) walked behind her, shoved her into the shop, and charged her with attempting to steal the bundle of trousers, when she replied, "Oh, dear, no, I never thought of such a thing." William Cavanagh, shopboy to the prosecutor, said that on examining the bundle of trousers, after the prisoner had been pushed into his master's shop, he found them in a different position from that in which they, a short time before, were placed, and it was evident that an effort had been made to break away or remove the string. Mr. Elliott: Is the prisoner known? It appears to me that she has been charged here before. Police-constable Pike, 95 L: Yes, your worship. She is a most notorious shoplifter, and the associate of a gang of the most noted shoplifters and housebreakers on this side of the water, and there is one of her associates now in court. The prisoner herself admitted to two convictions, and was committed to Wandsworth House of Correction for six weeks' hard labour.

HAMMERSMITH.

A CLAIMANT TO THE HAND OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The Rev. James Roe, of the Oratory, Brompton, attended before Mr. Dayman to answer a summons charging him with detaining, without just cause, a gold ring and marriage certificate, the property of Margaret Agnes Guelp. Mr. Dickie, instructed by Mr. Weeks, of Chancery-lane, appeared for the complainant; and Mr. Roe for the defendant. The plea to the charge in the summons was that the defendant never had them. The complainant, a respectable-looking woman, about thirty-five years of age, stated that, in September 1861, she was married to Albert Edward Guelp, at No 4, Tacta-place, Brompton, by Cardinal Wiseman, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. Many persons were present. In the evening after the celebration of the marriage, Father Roe, who remained with her, wished her to enter a convent. She refused, and because she refused he said that she should not have the certificate of her marriage to show the public. He forced it from her by violence and ill-used her in a cruel manner. He took her certificate from her pocket, and drew her ring off by his teeth. She could not tell exactly the date of the marriage. Her poverty prevented her from taking proceedings before. She had never seen her husband since. He promised to come the next morning. Her marriage was entirely forced upon her. She had a copy of a letter she had addressed to her Majesty. She never received any answer. The complainant was then cross-examined, and she gave several addresses at which she had lived during the present year, the last one being at No 18, Clifton-street, Regent's-park. She did not wish to say what her name was before she was married. The gentleman who married her told her that her name was always Guelp. She held the name of Guelp by the right of her marriage and her maiden name. It was her business whether she ever went by the name of Stack. She did not wish to answer any question as to where she first met Albert Edward Guelp. She went abroad with him three years ago. He did not return with her. Those persons in whose charge she was placed returned with her. Father Roe knew them. At the marriage Father Roe, Father Boden, and many others were present. She had no friends with her. The marriage took place in her room. He was in the house three weeks before it took place. He demanded her as his cousin and wife. Father Roe signed the register, also Cardinal Wiseman. After the marriage Albert Edward left the house, after remaining two hours. He left her in charge of Father Roe, and to try and get her into a convent. She left a week afterwards. She went to No. 12, Queen's-gardens. She had written to Father Roe demanding her ring and certificate, and he never answered her letters. One letter was produced and read by Mr. Roe. It was an application for the certificate of her marriage. Mr. Roe questioned her as to the title of the gentleman who she alleged had married her. The complainant then said his title was his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and he was well known to Father Roe. The defendant was sworn, and said that he had seen the complainant several times. He had always known her in the name of Mrs. Stack. He never knew her in the name of Guelp until he received the summons, and he then recognised her as a person who applied to him, Paynter, at the Westminster Police-court. She told Mr. Paynter that he had administered chloroform to her, and that while under its influence he took the certificate from her. Her statement about the marriage was utterly false, as far as he was concerned. By Mr. Dickie: He knew that she was a Roman Catholic by seeing her in the church at the Oratory. She told him that she was in great destitution, and at her request he got her boy into an orphanage. The complainant here called out that she received £1 000 a-year from his royal highness for her boy. She also said that the witness had known her for twelve years. The defendant said he was not aware that she now belonged to the Protestant Church. The first time she came to him was between five and six years ago. It was in the church at the Oratory. He had seen her six or eight times. He could not account for her making this charge against him, unless she was mad. Mr. Dickie applied for an adjournment to enable him to produce some corroborative proof of the marriage. Mr. Dayman refused on the ground that the complainant had had the opportunity of summoning witnesses. He said that after hearing both sides he came to the conclusion that she was labouring under a delusion, and he therefore dismissed the summons.

THE FORESTERS' GRAND FETE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE recent Foresters' festival (an illustration of which appears in page 169) was truly a grand affair. The number of visitors was less by more than 13,000 than the gathering of last year, probably in consequence of the sudden unfavourable change in the weather, but still the enormous number of 71,669 passed through the various entrances to the Palace, and a thoroughly pleasant day was spent. Although the railway presented such facilities for reaching the Palace from London-ridge or Victoria, a vast number of members of the order proceeded by road, and the southern districts of the metropolis presented a most animated appearance. Several of the Foresters were in full costume, and they assembled at various places on their way, accumulating rapidly until they reached Sydenham. About half-past one o'clock a grand and imposing procession was formed in the cricket ground, composed of members in full uniform, bearing flags of various devices. Interspersed at certain portions of the procession, which extended about three-quarters of a mile in length, were the bands of the London Irish Volunteers, Harris's splendid sax-horn band from Court Flowers of the Forest, next the Surrey Theatre; the band of the Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, which, under Mr. Wade, the bandmaster, appeared by their excellent playing to astonish the immense multitude, and call forth loud plaudits from those on the terrace; the Deptford band, the band belonging to Court 518, and the drum and fife band, Burthom's drum and fife band, the Duke of York's School band, and several other bands. After the procession had traversed the grounds and terraces, the display of the great fountains, cascades, and terrace fountains took place at half-past three o'clock, and shortly afterwards Mr. Coxwell made a magnificent ascent in his mammoth balloon, taking with him several gentlemen. The monster machine continued in sight for some time, when it went in a southerly direction and became obscured to observation from below. The fountains did not appear to advantage in consequence of the boisterousness of the wind, which converted every column of water into spray. Dancing was carried on, however, by the visitors, in spite of wind and weather, on the slopes and swards of the grounds. Harris's "Flowers of the Forest" band, in picturesque costume, furnished some spirited music. Cricket and archery matches took place in Mr. Peter's ground. Boating, under the superintendence of Mr. Wentzell, of the Ship Tavern, Fore Street, gymnastics, roundabouts, cosmorama, Aunt Sally, swings, velocipedes, and other outside sports, with the performances on the great Handel organ and the admirable music by the Crystal Palace band, under the direction of Mr. Mauns, brought the performance down to a late hour. The Palace was lighted up at dusk, and at ten o'clock several thousand persons were waiting in the lobby and corridors of the railway station, while as many more were promenading in the building, having evidently made up their minds not to reach London before midnight. The net profit received by the Widow and Orphan Fund from last year's fete was about £1,100, and it is hoped the present will not fall far short of that amount.

The following statistical details, showing the rapid progress made by the "Ancient Order of Foresters" within the last few years, and its present position, will doubtless be interesting. With the exception of the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows, the Order of Foresters is the largest society of working men in the kingdom, the former numbering some 300,000 members, the latter about 30,000 less. The order has always been characterised by liberal and extended views of the great system of benevolence it was founded to uphold, and its management has been a pattern to similar associations. In the year 1845 the management of the society underwent a great change, and its rules were brought more into harmony with the spirit and requirements of the age. The order is governed by what is called a High Court, elected annually at a delegate meeting, the seat of government being for the present year at Portsmouth, the locality for its sitting being changed yearly by the vote of the delegate meeting. The order is subdivided into districts and courts, with financial and honorary members. In 1845, at the time of the remodelling of the order, the number of financial or paying members was 95,000 with 146 districts, and 1,456 courts. In 1855 this number had increased to 165,753 members, 161 districts, and 1,725 courts. On the 1st of January, 1863, there were the large number of 228,219 members, 201 districts, and 2,780 courts, being an increase on the year 1862 alone of 20,285 members, 7 districts, and 246 courts. The management attribute a large proportion of this remarkable increase to the popularity and publicity accruing from the Crystal Palace fete. The most important district connected with the order, and the one under whose auspices these annual fete take place, is the London United District, comprising 873 courts and 36,864 members, and these numbers are independent of the South London District with 54 courts and 35,864 members; the East London District, with 41 courts and 3,852 members, besides several courts, with an aggregate of many thousand members, scattered over the metropolis, and not united to any district, such union being optional with the courts, each court being governed by its own rules subordinate to the general rules of the order. The London United District is under the management of an executive council, appointed annually by delegates from all the courts in the district, and rent a private office in Essex-street, Strand, with a permanent paid secretary and staff of clerks. No person is admitted into the order as a financial member under the age of eighteen or above the age of forty, and the candidate has to undergo a strict medical examination, for which purpose a medical man, who must be an honorary member, is attached to each court. The payments to the society vary according to age from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per month, for which payment every member is entitled to receive 14s. per week in sickness, with free medical attendance, £12 at death, or £6 at the death of a member's wife, besides being eligible to relief from the benevolent fund in seasons of distress. There is also a widow and orphan fund attached to the society, to which any member may belong or not as he thinks proper, his contribution being 1s. per

month. Should a member die who has subscribed three years to this fund his widow is entitled to a pension for life, or as long as she remains single, of 2s. per week and 6d. per week for each child under ten years of age. Notwithstanding that the order has thus provided for most of the casualties that befall mankind, it was felt by many of the courts lately that there was still one unprovided for—viz., the inability to work either from old age or infirmity, and a movement is now going on in the order for the establishment of a Foresters' Asylum. This movement, which only began in January, 1863, has already received the adhesion and subscriptions of 100 courts and about 12,000 members in the London district, and it is intended to found the asylum in January next.

MADMOISELLE CARLOTTA PATTI.

The lady whose portrait here adorns our pages, has, through the medium of Mr. Alfred Mellon's Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, become familiar with the majority of our London readers. Belonging to a family several of the members of which have achieved a high European reputation, Madlle. Carlotta comes among us with a rare opportunity of profiting by the extraordinary ability and voice she possesses, as a singer destined to take a position in the musical world second to none. This lady was born at Florence in the year 1840, her mother at that time fulfilling an engagement at the Pergola Theatre, in that city. At an early age, she and her sister Adeline having exhibited excellent dispositions for music, were placed under the care of the celebrated Henry Hertz. Shortly after they accompanied their mother on a professional tour in America, where all three soon became established favourites. The present unhappy struggle raging in that country, occasioned their return to Europe.

Carlotta Patti made her first appearance, under Mr. Gye's auspices, at Covent Garden, in April last, since which time she has been singing at the New Philharmonic and other concerts, and now, under Mr. Mellon's baton at the Promenade Concerts, nightly wins the enthusiastic approbation of thousands.



MADLLE. CARLOTTA PATTI.

A RURAL JOCKEY.—The *Journal de Chateaubriant* says that at the late races of Nozay (Loire-Inferieure) a steeplechase presented unusual interest from the fact that a young peasant of the environs, mounted on a horse of the Brittany breed, ventured to enter the lists against some of the best racers of the country. He rode bare-backed with a halter instead of a bridle. On leaping the first fence the halter broke, and the rider fell; but he instantly mounted again and cleared all the obstacles till he reached the last, which the horse refused. The young peasant, however, managed to force him over, and passed the winning-post first amidst loud applause.

EXTRAORDINARY FUNERAL.—A New Orleans letter gives an account of "one of the most extraordinary exhibitions brought forth by this rebellion"—the funeral of Captain Andre Cailloux, a mulatto captain of a company of the Louisiana National Guards (coloured). The officiating priest, Father le Maistre, of the church of "St. Rose of Lima," who has paid not the least attention to the excommunication and denunciation issued against him by the archbishop of his diocese, performed the Catholic service for the dead. Immense crowds of coloured people lined the streets. The most remarkable and characteristic circumstance was the huge list of coloured societies forming part of the procession, and stretching over more than a mile. It included Friends of Order, Society of Economy and Mutual Assistance, United Brethren, Arts and Mechanics' Association, Free Friends, Good Shepherd Conclave No. 1, Union Sons' Relief, Perseverance Society, Ladies of Bon Secours, La Fleur de Marie, Saint Rose of Lima, the Children of Mary Society, the Immaculate Conception Society, the Sacred Union Society, the Children of Jesus, St. Veronica Society, St. Alphonsus Society, St. Joachim Society, Star of the Cross, St. Theresa Society, St. Eulalia Society, St. Magdalen Society, God Protects Us Society, United Sisterhood, Angel Gabriel Society, St. Louis Roi Society, St. Benoit Society, Benevolence Society, Well-beloved Sisters' Society, St. Peter Society, St. Michael Archangel Society, St. Louis de Gonzague Society, St. Ann Society, and the Children of Moses.

GENERAL BUTLER AND THE SLAVE-OWNERS.

[From the *Atlantic Monthly*.]

ONE Sunday morning, late last summer, as I came down stairs to the breakfast room I was surprised to find a large number of persons assembled in the library. When I reached the door a member of the staff took me by the arm and threw me into the room towards a young and delicate mulatto girl who was standing against the opposite wall, with the meek, patient bearing of her race, so expressive of the system of repression to which they had been so long subjected. Drawing down the border of her dress, my conductor showed me a sight more revolting than I trust ever again to behold. The poor girl's back was flayed until the quivering flesh resembled a fresh beefsteak scorched on a gridiron. With a cold chill creeping through my veins I turned away from the sickening spectacle, and for an explanation of the affair scanned the various persons about the room. In the centre of the group, at his writing-table, sat the general (Butler). His head rested on his hand, and he was evidently endeavouring to fix his attention upon the remarks of a tall, swarthy-looking man who stood opposite, and who, I soon discovered, was the owner of the girl, and was attempting a defence of the foul outrage he had committed upon the unresisting and helpless person of the unfortunate victim, who stood smarting, but silent, under the dreadful pain inflicted by the brutal lash. By the side of the slaveholder stood our adjutant-general, his face livid with almost irrepressible rage, and his fists tightly clenched, as if to violently restrain himself from visiting the guilty wretch with summary and retributive justice. Disposed about the room, in various attitudes, but all exhibiting in their countenances the same mingling of horror and indignation, were other members of the staff—while near the door stood three or four house-servants, who were witnesses in the case.

To the charge of having administered the inhuman castigation, Landry (the owner of the girl) pleaded guilty, but urged in extenuation that the girl had dared to make an effort for that freedom which her instincts, drawn from the veins of her abuser, had taught her was the God-given right of all who possess the germ of immortality, no matter what the colour of the casket in which it is hidden. I say "drawn from the veins of her abuser," because he declared she was his daughter; and every one in the room, looking upon the man and woman confronting each other, confessed that the resemblance justified the assertion.

At the conclusion of all the evidence in the case, the general continued in the same position as before, and remained for some time apparently lost in abstraction. I shall never forget the singular expression on his face. I had been accustomed to see him in a storm of passion at any instance of oppression or flagrant injustice, but on this occasion he was too deeply affected to obtain relief in the usual way. His whole air was one of dejection, almost listlessness; his indignation too intense, and his anger too stern to find expression even in his countenance. Never have I seen that peculiar look, but on three or four occasions, similar to the one I am narrating, when I knew he was pondering upon the baleful curse that had cast its withering blight upon all around, until manhood and humanity were crushed out of the people, and outrages such as the above were looked upon with complacency, and the perpetrators treated as respected and worthy citizens, and that he was realising the great truth that, however man might endeavour to guide this war to the advantage of a favourite idea or sagacious policy, the Almighty was directing it, surely and steadily, for the purification of our country from this greatest of national sins.

But to return to our story. After sitting in the mood which I have described at such length, the general again turned to the prisoner, and said, in a quiet, subdued tone of voice, "Mr. Landry, I dare not trust myself to decide to-day what punishment would be met for your offence, for I am in that state of mind that I fear I might exceed the strict demands of justice. I shall, therefore, place you under guard for the present, until I conclude upon your sentence."

A few days after, a number of influential citizens having represented to the general that Mr. Landry was not only a "high-toned gentleman," but a person of "unusual amiability" of character, and was, consequently, entitled to no small degree of leniency, he answered that, in consideration of the prisoner's "high-toned" character, and especially of his "amiability," of which he had seen so remarkable a proof, he had determined to meet their views, and therefore ordered that Landry give a deed of manumission to the girl, and pay a fine of five hundred dollars, to be placed in the hands of a trustee for her benefit.

It is in passing through such scenes as I have described, and the contemplation of the condition to which slavery has reduced society at the South, combined with a natural inclination to espouse the cause of the oppressed, that has placed General Butler in the front rank of the "champions of freedom."

SOME of the continental journals state that Madlle. Patti was engaged to play Rosina, in the "Barbieri," and other characters, at Frankfurt, before the assembled princes, at the modest remuneration of 10,000fr. (£400) a night.

REFUSAL OF A WILTSHIRE CLERGYMAN TO BURY THE BODY OF A CHILD.—No little excitement has been caused in the parish of Avebury, in Wiltshire, during the present week, in consequence of the vicar, the Rev. J. L. Ross, having refused to bury the body of an infant child belonging to James and Eliza Middleton, of Kennett. The vicar refused to perform the burial service, as the child had been baptized at the Free Church, and the funeral was therefore postponed. One of the churchwardens waited on the vicar, and endeavoured to persuade him to perform the service, which the rev. gentleman expressed his willingness to do, but that he could not legally. The body was thereupon taken to the church, and thence to the gates, where the service was conducted by the Rev. James Hussey, the incumbent of the Free Church. The corpse was then taken to the grave, and interred in silence.



FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

Literature

SWEETHEART NAN;

OR, THE PEASANT GENTLEMAN'S DARLING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY ELFRIDA'S POWER."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WAY OF THORNS.

WHAT passed between Dorton and Sweetheart Nan at that interview with closed doors, no one knew at the time but the two individuals who had assisted at it, and a third. But this is certain, that Mrs. Helps, going into the room in which that interview took place, found the young lady without sense, and in a kneeling attitude near a sofa.

That interview could have lasted but very few minutes.

Those who were left in the drawing-room—to wit, Sir Edgar Pomeroy, Ellen Villiers and Lemmings—were not kept long in suspense. A few minutes passed, and then Dorton showed at the door and asked his brother to come to him.

Pomeroy got up from his chair without a word, and Lemmings made no remark whatever upon this action. He remained almost stupidly gazing at the brothers.

He has since said that this inertness on his part was due, not to a kind of stupor, but to a belief that Pomeroy was called by his brother in order to effect a reconciliation between the baronet and his daughter. The Squire has also admitted that though he was ashamed of this hope within a few seconds of its birth, yet for that time he desired earnestly that something was occurring which would set them all right again.

But when those few seconds were past he looked towards Ellen Villiers, and said, "What be those lads plotting?"

Then he looked towards the door.

A little while, and he rose and moved towards it.

"Mr. Lemmings, if I were you I would not interfere yet. You may do more harm than good."

"Perhaps you are right, Missy," he replied, and sat down again. Meanwhile Ellen's face was pale and anxious. With all a woman's tact, she knew that the anger of that day and evening was not yet over.

It must have been full five minutes (Miss Villiers is my informant on this point) when Lemmings heard a violent ringing at one of the house bells. Immediately connecting the sound with the warfare which was going on, he started, as did Ellen, and they went quickly to the door. Following the several servants, into whom the same noise had thrown something like energy, and who had scurried up-stairs, after looking for the ringing bell in the servants' hall, which would tell them for which room to make,—following these people, Lemmings reached the room, where Mrs. Helps was busy trying to restore Nanny by several of those numberless little performances to restore people to their senses, which are probably successful from the simple facts that they are objectionable, and that the patient comes too in order to get rid of them.

The moment Nan opened those large, grey eyes of hers, the instant that re-assuring smile appeared upon her face, which in less than that time told her father she was safe, he looked quickly about him, and said, "Where be those men?"

Before half the servants in the place these words were spoken. The Squire had no fear in exposing his actions. So far, what he had said, all the world might have heard; what he had done, all the universe might have seen. Herein, perhaps, he was wrong. I do not decide; but I know I would not have the world hear all I say, nor would I have the universe see all I do.

"Where be those men?" he asked again, no reply having been offered to his first inquiry.

And here Mrs. Helps, as the leader in the household after the Squire and Nan, said, "Which whoever you may mean, sir, I am not aware."

"Where be the Baronet, Sir Edgar Pomeroy, and his brother, the physic-man?"

"Which don't you hear the Squire?" asked Mrs. Helps. "Go along, and make inquiries, and not only for the baronet, Sir Edgar Pomeroy, but also for the Doctor Dorton too."

Here a voice, which had no right to be in that portion of the premises—the voice of Boley, to wit—remarked, "Plaze, Squire, oi saw Doctor and t'other chap stark like out o' the house, and go down avenue."

This was a true statement, which may here, without question, be corroborated.

Dorton, after asking his brother to come to him, led the Baronet by the arm down the stairs to the hall-door. Upon that threshold a few fierce words passed between them, and then they left Oaklands, hatless, voiceless, and quickly.

What had passed between the brothers?

The testimony of a young woman, about as sharp as any one young woman could be, rather obscured, than enlightened, this difficulty.

In a number of quick words she stated, upon the panic-stricken Squire demanding to know if any one knew "aught" about the matter, that she was near the hall-door, a-looking at the "berometer," to test the weather for the next day, which was one of an outing for herself, when the two gentlemen came to the hall-door, both talking very lowly and earnestly. That, then, the Doctor unloosed the door with his own hands; and that, then, the Baronet suddenly unloosed his arm from the Doctor's, and said something about fast and loose. The young woman then went on to say that "she were rooted to the spot;" and, therefore, could not avoid seeing what happened. The Doctor said, "Wretched boy, if you must hear, you must!" It appeared that, then, the Doctor whispered something in the Baronet's ear, which caused Sir Pomeroy to stagger. But, recovering himself, he said, "Let us go, for God's sake!" Here the young woman apologized for swearing; and wound up her narrative by saying, "And then they went away quick; and it were the Banneret which seemed to go the fastest."

"Get I a horse," said Lemmings, when the sharp young person had concluded; "they men be lighter o' foot nor I, an' lighter o' heart! Get I a horse, do ye hear?" he added, stamping his right foot.

"Father," said Nan, at this point, "stay here! Tell the people to cleave the room, and keep near me!"

And now it was that for the first time in his life the Squire took no heed of Sweetheart Nan's request. Before all the gaping household he called out, "Keep thy toong, lass! I be goin' after they men!"

"Papa, they do not know what they do," replied Nan.

"Keep thy toong," he replied, speaking more harshly to Sweetheart Nan at this moment than ever he had to any man or woman on his estate. "I be goin' after they men."

Within another minute he was on the unsaddled back of a heavy farm-horse, and was tramping down the avenue, and quickly overtaking the two brothers.

Quite twenty minutes passed before he returned. In that time the kitchen had made out twenty versions of the matter, each one more scandalous than the previous narrative; and Kezia had had time not only for a fit, but for partial recovery from that askew convulsion, and the opportunity of plunging into a second and far more elaborate paroxysm. This latter performance was due to the announcement, which was perfectly true, that Boley heard the tramp of Jabez, the old horse, coming near the house.

The serving people knew that the plot had thickened, by the way in which the Squire lumbered up-stairs, each hand formed into a gigantic fist.

He went direct to his daughter's room, whither he must have guessed she had been carried; unless, indeed, he saw light through the window of that chamber as he approached the house; he beat heavily and twice at Sweetheart Nan's door.

Have you ever heard that summons at the door which comes with a kind of authority, and of cruel authority? No, it is not the summons associated with the words, "Knock, and I will open unto you." It is more like the summons of death—resistless.

She was alone. She had even asked Nelly to leave her room. This poor Sweetheart Nan was half on the ground, and half on the sofa. The Squire has told me, and, as he has done so, his eyes have always been upon the ground, that though she looked wretched in the extreme self-abased, and desolate as a blind creature, he took no pity on her, because, he supposes, she had had pity for them. For a time, his sole love, that for his daughter, was as dead as the purity of a fallen woman.

I am not sure that I here give a word for word report of the conversation which then took place between the father and daughter; but I am sure I present the sense of what was said.

"Why art thee on the ground?" he asked, harshly.

"I can stand, papa dear," she said, rising.

"I have seen the men," he added, speaking in the purer English which very rarely he used.

"What did they say to you, father?"

"Thee hadst best ask what I said to the men!"

"Yes, father; what did you say to them?"

"I said, Nan, blood for blood, eye for eye, and tooth for tooth!"

"But—but did they give you any reason for leaving Oaklands?"

"Did he give any reason for quitting thee, thou meanest, daughter?"

"Yes, perhaps you are right. What did he say?"

"Naught. I bade both men hold their peace, and hear me."

"What did you say, father? It would have been better to have let them go unspoken to—perhaps they may be right."

"Right, daughter, to fling off a woman like a—like — By the good heaven! I know not what 'tis like, daughter. I told those men that they should speak out, and speak out they shall."

"No, let them go, father."

"Thee must not be my daughter if thee do not love justice, Nan. They came here, they forced themselves upon us, and they shall speak out. Why, Nan, they turned upon thee! I will know—by good or bad means, I will know!"

"But think of me, father!"

"How—think of thee?"

"What would the world say? I should be laughed at. I don't care about that father, dear—but you would not have your Sweetheart Nan ridiculed, would you?"

It was here, Nan has told me, that she felt an irrepressible longing to embrace her father—to expend, as it were, an effusion of love; but he balked her, merely by his looks.

"What would the world say?" he replied. "What matters what the world say when 'tis a question of justice. I did not think thee would shrink from the world. Thou art not so noble, lass, as I thought thee."

Sweetheart Nan has since told me that it was not fear of the world which made her urge her father to be silent. She has said it was her love for Gilbert Dorton which prompted her to speak.

Inexplicable as the statement may appear, she felt that when Gilbert Dorton, acting for his brother, threw her off, he was acting justly. Yes, justly, though she knew of no cause which could explain his conduct. Although his behaviour, except upon absolutely sure grounds, was truly monstrous, yet she believed him right. And from that hour, when she saw him alone, she loved him more than she had ever loved her father.

She answered the Squire's reproach as to her want of nobleness meekly; for thus far, that half of the spirit which she inherited from him, that portion of her soul which came from the Squire, and which was the reflection of that energy which had raised him through all difficulties, was still dormant. So far, she was not defiant; she was noble still, for she was patient and forgiving. She said, monotonously, "Let them go."

The iteration of the words angered the Squire.

"If they had cause, thee might say that."

"Perhaps, father, they have."

"The men have cause to desert thee! What care, lass?"

"I know of no justification, father; except that I am sure Doctor Dorton is a just man."

The Squire trembled, and then it was that perhaps the first suspicion of Nan herself entered his mind; and think over this—that suspicion was due to Sweetheart Nan. So it is in life—where there is hidden wrong, the innocent must be confounded with the guilty. But perhaps here all were innocent.

The suspicion soon drifted to his tongue, and in these words: "Nan, why did thee ask to see Dorton?"

"Because I thought it wisest."

"That be no answer. Why didst thee wish to see the lad alone?"

"I—I would rather not tell you, father."

Here the Squire struck his hand upon the table. The suspicion awakened by Nan herself was, all unknown to him, drifting into doubt.

Perhaps there was just a flash of anger in Nan's eyes as the Squire committed himself to this action.

Like father, like daughter. The stream of each of their lives ran deeply. What if they met? The war might be unending. But, so far, warfare was apart from them. Nan yielded.

"Daughter Nan, I bid thee tell me why you saw the lad alone?"

"You have a right, sir, to demand, and I the power to obey," said Nan.

They were humble words, but they were rather proudly spoken. She continued—"I asked Gilbert Dorton to see me alone because I hoped to save you, and him, and me, from a life-long pain."

"What?"

Very stern this inquiry of the Squire's. Clearly he would have the truth, and naught but it.

"You know Dorton saved my life beyond any doubt at Cleathorpe?"

"Yes, I know that, though I have held my tongue upon it. I liked the lad for that!—I loved the lad for that!"

"I loved him, too, father!"

I, the chronicler, cannot tell you of the change which passed over the Squire's face at this statement; but if I may judge by his expression when he had referred to this revelation on one or two occasions, it must have been awful. Sweetheart Nan has told me that from that moment the face never truly returned to its old expression. Never—never.

Perhaps he was none the less happy for this passing away of the old countenance. We shall see. But it changed, never, never more to go back to its old look.

After a time (it was but a few moments, but Lemmings says it seemed like hours) he said, "Thee loved him, lass?"

"Yes; and I do love him!"

There was no further change upon the father's face. Ruin can but be ruin. A second earthquake does but ruin ruin. A catastrophe comes, and passes, and for evermore lives with us, and in our souls we say 'Amen,' which, you know, is the Hebrew for 'So be it!'

Again a pause—a broken-down pause; and then he said, weakly, "You love him, lass?"

He spoke very quietly. For a time the resolution was buried, and the shock and the pitying love alone were regnant within the honest man.

Then came poor Sweetheart Nan's confession to the best father upon earth—the natural one.

Poor child! she thought she confessed all.

She came and put her arms round the good father's neck, and laid her cheek against his sunburnt, hardly-endured face, for he had sunk awkwardly into a chair. Then she spoke.

"Father, dear, I did not care for Edgar Pomeroy, but there was something about him I loved. I know now what it was; I learnt to know it was the likeness to his half-brother. Dad, dear, I told him I did not love him, but that I was quite sure I should make him an honest wife, and I am quite sure I should have done so. When his brother came here, then I knew I loved Gilbert Dorton. Nelly had warned me something of this sort might be the case, but it was so romantic and silly an idea that I couldn't—I couldn't believe it. And then he came, and we both knew the truth. For, father, darling, I know he loves me as much as I love him!"

"No, no! He hates thee, lass," said the Squire, "or he would not run thy character before servants."

Nanny hesitated before she again spoke, but her love of justice prevailed, and she said, "No, dad, dear, he did not; but you spoke before the servants, and it will be through you they will talk."

For a moment the poor old, loving Squire defied her, and then he yielded to honest justice, and said, "True, lass—true for you."

"He doesn't hate me, father; he loves me still, for he pities me."

"What did he say to thee here alone, lass?"

"I hardly know. Father, dear, I did all for the best. I thought he wanted to break off the marriage because he feared it was impious that I should marry his brother while we loved each other."

"Didst thee think rightly, lass?"

"No. I am sure he loves me—I am quite sure he loves me; but—but when I—when I offered myself to him (here the poor child sunk down upon her knees to shut out the very light, while her father desolately stroked her head with such pity that his hard-worked hands looked delicate as a woman's)—Yes, I did offer myself to him, daddy, dear. Yes, I knew it was rude and immodest; but I saw something terrible had occurred; and for all our sakes, but most of all for yours, my good father, I tried to save us all, but mostly you, for you are prouder than myself, dear father, and your heart would fail you therefore soonest. Yes, I held out my hands to him, and called him Gilbert, and asked him to call me wife; and then—"

"Then, Sweetheart Nan?" asked Squire Lemmings, for he was beginning to be proud of his daughter's ast. Yes—proud.

"Then—"

Here the broad voice failed her, and she put her arms once more round her father's neck. You see, they were all alone in the world—all in all to each other. They loved each other, but how near is love to hate? Let those only who have loved reply.

"What did the lad say?" asked Lemmings.

You see, he was calling the Doctor "lad" again; and, perhaps, because he believed Nan's declaration that he still loved Nan. Possibly, Lemmings could not maintain a harsh thought towards a man who loved his daughter.

"He did not say anything," answered Nan; "but he looked—oh, father, dear!—he looked as an angel might look upon a tempter. He seemed to strike me away from him, and yet he pitied me deeply."

The Squire here fell back for a mere moment to his Yorkshire dialect.

"Ah doon't connerstan' it," he said, in a dazed voice. "Great good Lord, ah doon't connerstan' it!"

"Nor I," she said, desolately. "What can he mean?—what can be meant by love, and pity, and abhorrence commingled? But he is right, dear father. He is true and honest, and when he repulsed me, I trembled, and I cried 'guilty' to myself!"

And here it was the poor Squire broke down. Long since he had wept. It was when his wife died. Before he wept, he had defied God's law of death, and walked proudly. Then followed the rain of tears, and the lesson was learnt. Now, in his next trouble, he did not defy the interfering Godhead.

He wept at once—not much. Good men weep little.

"Sweetheart Nan!" he cried—"my dear Sweetheart Nan! Do thee not see that when thee speaketh thus, thee do condemn thyself—and, when thee do this, thee nearly killest me?"

"But, father, I speak the truth. It is all an error, yet he thinks himself right. It will all be clear some day. We will sit down, dear father, and drink the bitter cup together—you and I. Our love is safe—we trust each other."

"No, no, Sweetheart Nan. There be a secret 'tween us, and there shall be no peace to us till it be cleared up. Day by day we'll have to fall away from each other, and doot each other. No, Sweetheart Nan, art must be cleared up, and at once."

"Father, darling," she whispered, or something to the same effect—I do not profess to give you here word for word the conversation as it occurred—"father, darling, be patient. Let us be poor, plain ma tyrs in our way. Perhaps, if we are sacrificial, we shall be content. You love me, your daughter; oh, then, love whom I love—forgive whom I forgive! Let us turn from this nightmare, and forget a terrible something has passed us which might have withered our lives, but which we defied."

"No. Thee talk like a woman, lass. We cannot forget to-day, nor will the people about us."

"Let us go away, dear father."

And now the war of defiance began, never truly to end for a weary—weary time.

He was right. Both he and his daughter were proud, yet candid; reserved, yet desirous of openness. They could not live with the

phantom of this secret between them; and as a proof that such was the case, here, in this the very first hour of this new and darkened life, the first barrier was raised between them.

"Leave house?" he said, his weeping eyes flashing as you may see fierce lightning through soft rain. "What, lass! thee and I roon before scandal? No," he said, in a lower tone, and clenching his hands, "here we fight it out, and here I will that we fight!"

Once again that part of Nan's soul she inherited from her womanly mother spoke.

She said, "Let me go away."

He shook his head mournfully.

"Worse and worse," he said. "Thee must stop here. As for I—"

"Yes, father?"

He looked out broadly, as it were, before him, and he answered, "I will know why he despises thee."

And now the daughter and father were at war.

Her eyes flashed, and that part of her soul which she inherited from her father—that fierce, indomitable spirit which defied wrong in any shape—spoke out.

"This is no affair of yours," she said.

For a moment he was shocked, and then he was defiant.

"I make it mine, lass," he said.

"And I say you have no right to!"

"I choose to take and keep the right, lass!"

"Then you are unjust."

"As thee like. Then am I unjust."

"In such a case as this, the woman only is the sufferer. It will be you who will render me the talk and ridicule of the country."

"I will clear thy character, lass!"

"I do not want it cleared."

"I will hunt him down, Nan!"

"And I," she cried,—"I forbid you!"

The war was fierce and desperate now. No more true gentleness; for in actuality, all war is brutal and even bestial. In war, blasphemy, and selfishness, and force are the presiding deities, hidden sometimes, but ever behind the red veil of the temple.

"An I forbid thee to bid me what to do."

"You have no human right to make me ludicrous in the eyes of the world."

"I have a right, lass, to know the truth, and I will know it. I will have it out of him—I will!"

"If you hurt him, you hurt me."

The words were cruel; but is war merciful?

"Do thee defend him, lass?—do thee?"

"Yes; for I am sure he believes himself right."

"How? Thee must know why thee speakest thus."

"I do not!"

"Then thee shall know why!"

Here he turned towards the door; but at the desolate cry Nan uttered he came towards her, and felt immeasurably glad that she kissed him. He also kissed her. But there was war between them, undying and fierce, till one of two ends arrived—either the solution of the problem, or the death of one of them.

It was a war of tire, and of extermination, either of the secret or one or both of the lives of the father and daughter.

"Good night, lass!" he said, coldly hiding his love; "I'm main glad thee rememberest thy duty."

"Good night, father!" she said, coldly and mechanically.

Then he left the room, and she, setting Nelly on one side with a few poor, kind, frigid words, locked herself in the room, and entered another phase of this awful war—that with herself alone.

What?

You shudder that I should talk of such terrible things as war between father and daughter—as two brothers loving the same woman? My dear, good public, such things happen every day.

Why, what good end is served by squeamishness? If the aureole of the writer be the power he has to preach as truly as kindly, he does not his work if he says this "will not do," and that "will not do," and so passes on, stifling truth. In the great war of authorship this is what the writer has always had either to conquer, or to be conquered by—TRUTH. Say the writer declares the verity. He may fail, but he has written the truth. Say the writer passes half the verity. Therein he lies. He may succeed, but convenience is in the very chink of the money, and whispers "deceit."

Oh, believe me, truth never suffers by nakedness. No wound was ever cured by being hidden with an embroidered rag. Why, see you these very subjects of war between father and daughter—love for one woman by two brothers—terrible in themselves, are intensified if they gain the horror of secrecy. Here I take them up out of the real life which once surrounded me, and hope to show how, without any special providence—without any other means than the natural and educated goodness which exists more or less in all men (however it may be stifled at times in the fumes of sin), the great and not improbable sorrows of these people were in a measure assuaged. For it is a great thing to know, and it is the writer's privilege to tell it to many, many thousands daily, that if humankind errs from the path of absolute truth, the god within the man prompts his return to truth, though he may not, or cannot, or dare not, once more tread upon that safe road. This is a tale of some love, but of more pity, wherein it is laid out that man is wholly self-governing, and prays only gratefully. Chance struck these poor human beings away from each other. It remains to be shown how mere, simple, human honesty and truth tried to bring them together again.

Did honesty and truth succeed?

Here is not the place to say. I have already stated that I seek partially to impress you with the course of this tale, as in reality the various actions impressed themselves upon the several actors.

I don't, indeed, seek to build a tale so much as to make you pity an accident of sorrow. You see none of these people are very vicious, and yet much sorrow, degradation, and even desolation, is swiftly coming to them. Perhaps it was better as it was. Who shall say? For my part, the most unpleasant men I know are those who have known no purely human trouble. Mind, not that I say those are no good fellows who have known only superficial trouble. But I do assert that as we cannot pity pain till we have felt pain, so we cannot love till we have learnt pity by being pitied. Seeking through the broad expanse of the realistic and lucid portion of the life of the great martyr, I know of no more absolute illustration of the purpose of this tale than the words, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much: but whose forgives not, the same loveth little."

So I ask you, do not—do not in time say my coming chapters are wrong in thought and carrying out. I am painting the life of an unhappy woman. I but give it as it came to me. In its truth I wrap myself. If you cast stones at me, you must. But I am not a perfect Christian. I do not think I shall forgive you.

(To be continued in our next)

A BEARISH RECEPTION.—The other day a Bradford manufacturer, while engaged in inspecting Edinburgh Castle, approached too close to an enclosure in which a bear belonging to the 92nd Regiment was confined, when Bruin suddenly rushed out and seized him by the leg. On calling out for assistance several soldiers came to the rescue, who recommended the unfortunate gentleman rather to lean forward towards the bear than to tear himself away, as otherwise he might be dragged into the enclosure and worried on the spot. On this being done the bear was soon made to release his hold, and the gentleman, we are happy to say, escaped without severe injury.

A FRENCH WATERING PLACE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Cambridge Independent Press*, writing from Dieppe on Wednesday last, after remarking that "lodgings there are to the English in the fashionable time just double the price which is asked for corresponding accommodation at Hastings or Scarborough, and that £30 a month is considered cheap for two rooms, up a wearisome flight of stairs," gives a graphic and vivacious account of the manner in which the French visitors pass their time. He says:—"A peculiarity which the average English gentleman will regret in Dieppe, is the artificiality which the Parisians, who mainly compose the body of visitors here, all seem to bring with them into their holidays by the sea. French ladies come with their most expensive dresses, and French gentlemen with their lounging café life and cigars. I have said that the sea before Dieppe is magnificent, but I scarcely ever meet on it a Frenchman. I have my pick of the sailing boats; there are very few of them; and almost the only persons who hire them are Englishmen. Round Dieppe are green lanes in the deepest shade, between high grass and flower-covered banks, and musical with the song of birds—but we rarely meet the Parisians there. The forest of Arques, with nooks, and paths, and roads, that were to us positively enchanting, is but a short distance off, yet the visitors who go there rarely exceed twenty or thirty a day. Could any one living in a city desire a more exquisite retreat than the grounds around the Chateau of Eu? Yet, when I have been there, I have not seen a dozen people in the place. My first impression was that the hotel books, and lodging-house keepers, and local journals had all misled me, and that Dieppe was deserted. Where were the people? I must look into this mystery. Accordingly I ventured an inquiry. 'Has Monsieur,' said the French lady, to whom I put the question at a table d'hôte, 'has Monsieur been to the Etablissement?' I answered that I had not. I liked to see as much of dear Nature as I could. 'Ah!' she said, with a smile, 'I thought you had not been to the Etablissement. Go there this evening and the secret will be out.' I went. I became a subscriber, and in two or three seconds I saw what the visitors did with themselves. The Etablissement is a little toy Crystal Palace, with a large reading-room, a theatre, a ball-room, and a concert-room, and a large restaurant. It is close to the sea, at the extreme end of the Plage, and some hundreds of chairs stand about on the terrace in front, on which you can sit and at high water almost touch the white crest of the waves. This place is filled from noon to night. Every Parisian lady dresses herself for it after a late breakfast, and walks straight to it from her hotel. Here she glides leisurely round the garden, showing her tasteful robe to the best advantage, or she reads a little (a very little)—or chatters with her companions round the tables on the terrace. At two o'clock she has a substantial lunch; and at half-past five the company all swarms to their respective hotels to dinner. At eight o'clock they return—this time in fresh dresses—and stay until eleven or twelve. Of course there is a list of amusements following closely upon one another. This afternoon there is a children's ball—one of the prettiest sights, by the way, in a civilized society; another, there is a ball for adults; two evenings a week French comedy is played by a competent troupe of actors; and concerts are constantly going on. This is the French holiday at the sea-side—music, dress, and comedy. The sea is only an accident, to be looked at as a curious monster; and the country is to be studied in the pages of MM. Michelet and Lamartine."

THE PEACE SOCIETY AND OUR RELATIONS WITH JAPAN.

THE following memorial has been transmitted by the Peace Society to Earl Russell, in reference to our relations with Japan:—

"My Lord.—We ask permission, as the committee of the Peace Society, respectfully to express to your lordship the deep regret and apprehension with which we have learnt the present menacing state of relations existing between this country and the kingdom of Japan. We cannot but regard it as a most painful and deplorable fact, that the first appearance of our countrymen among remote and heathen nations, instead of being the harbinger of peace and a higher civilization, is so frequently the prelude to a course of aggression, violence, and blood. It seems clear, on the testimony of those most conversant with the fact, that the treaty of intercourse and commerce on which we ground our right of intervention in Japan, was in the first instance obtained from the authorities of that country under the coercion of fear, in opposition to the traditional policy of the Government and the strong prejudices of the people. It is too evident, also, that we have failed in observing honourably on our part the stipulations of that treaty. From the first our countrymen who, for purposes of commerce, entered into Japan in the wake of our diplomatists, have availed themselves of the advantages they thus acquired in a spirit which could not fail to prove both offensive and injurious to the Government and the people, thereby confirming the prejudices against foreigners already existing, and most seriously aggravating the difficulties of the Japanese authorities in their attempts to enforce on their own countrymen a fair observance of the conditions of the treaty. It is obvious, moreover, that our official representatives in that country are quite powerless to restrain the irregularities of such lawless and unscrupulous characters as unhappily too often pioneer and represent British commerce and civilization in the Eastern seas. If the facts be as above stated, it can hardly be a matter of surprise that an intercourse thrust upon the Japanese against their will, and commenced under such circumstances as we have described, should have led to an early and serious collision. Nor can we hope that a persistent attempt to force our acquaintance upon them at the mouth of the cannon can conduce to their advantage or to our honour as a professedly Christian and civilized nation. On the contrary, all the facts and appearances of the case, as well as our former experience in the East, but too clearly indicate that any further progress in the path of coercion cannot fail to lead to grave and dangerous complications, ending in all probability in a succession of ignoble and costly wars, and the introduction of an era of revolution and anarchy among a people who previous to our intrusion among them had enjoyed, according to the testimony of competent witnesses, a large measure of internal order, peace, and prosperity. We earnestly hope, therefore, that your lordship will send such instructions to our representatives in that country as shall save England and Japan from the calamity of such a course; and if intercourse between us and them cannot be conducted in a friendly spirit we venture respectfully to submit whether it would not be better for us to withdraw altogether from their country. It is not likely that commerce can be successfully prosecuted with a reluctant and angry people; and even if it could it would be more honourable for a Christian nation to make some sacrifice of commercial advantage rather than inaugurate among another people what may prove to be a long course of disorder and blood."

"JOSEPH PEASE, President.
"HENRY RICHARD, Secretary."

Bow-wow.—The late Mrs Harriet Hamilton, of Lorraine Cottage, Holloway, who died on the 11th of June last, has bequeathed the sum of £500 to the treasurer for the benefit of the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs.

NO HOME COMPLETE without a WILLCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family Machine. Prospectus free on application at No. 1, Ludgate-hill. [Advertisement.]

Varieties.

BARBARIANS divide themselves and go to battle, to know which half shall conquer; the other; civilized men come to some middle term of justice which combines the interest of all.

THE eyes never to be mistaken. A person may discipline the muscles of the face and voice, but there is a something in the eye beyond the will, and we thus frequently find it giving the tongue the lie direct.

RETOUR DIRECT.—One John McCuen, of Pawtucket, having posted his better half, she replies in the *Gazette* as follows:—"My husband has posted me as having left his bed and board. I wish simply to say that he never had any. All the beds to which he lays claim were given me by my father.—ROSANNA MCCUEN."

A GENTLEMAN residing in the neighbourhood of Cork, on walking out one Sunday evening, met a young peasant girl, whose parents lived near his house. "Where are you going, Jenny?" said he. "Looking for a son-in-law for my mother, sir!" was the smart reply. Jenny, in fact, was going a-courting.

WHEN the great Duke of Argyll was one night at the theatre in a side box, a person entered the same box in boots and spurs. The duke arose from his seat, and with great ceremony expressed his thanks to the stranger, who, somewhat confused, desired to know for what reason he received those thanks. The duke gravely replied, "For not bringing your horse with you!"

GOOD NIGHT, MY CHILD!

Good night, my child! good night!
May angels bright
With golden wings outspread,
Surround thy bed,
And gently seal thy closed eyes
Till morn arise
With all its sweet refreshing beams of light—
Good night, my child! good night!

Good night, my child! good night!
May He, whose sight
Extends from pole to pole,
Watch o'er th' soul,
And keep thee guiltless all thy days
From evil ways,
And learn to walk His holy paths upright—
Good night, my child! good night!

Good night, my child! good night!
Let thy delight
Be in the constant love
Of Him above;
And always in thy daily prayer,
Implore him there,
That He would still uphold thee in his might—
Good night, my child! good night!

CHARLES IV. of Spain, who was himself passionately fond of horses, sent Bonaparte, when First Consul sixteen of the finest horses in the Peninsula. He took two months to select them himself; and nobody could have performed the task better, for he was a consummate judge. He appointed, moreover, a numerous train to accompany them to France; choose his best grooms for this mission.—clothed them in magnificent liveries, and imposed but one condition in all this parade, namely, that, while travelling in France, his grooms should attend mass every Sunday. Though fond of France, this excellent prince had a notion that it was impossible for a man to live in that country many days without wholly forsaking the religion of his forefathers.

CHARACTER OF ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND IRISH.—Of English, Scotch, and Irish character, I may observe that sincerity and independence distinguish the English, intelligence and sagacity the Scotch, and a gay and gallant spirit the Irish. The best qualities, however, are apt to associate with bad ones: the independence of the English sometimes degenerates into coarseness and brutality; the sagacity of the Scotch into cunning and time-serving; and the gaiety of the Irish into flippancy and faithlessness. Could we combine the independence of the English with the sagacity of the Scotch, and with the gallantry of the Irish, we should almost form a god. Could we, on the contrary, unite the brutality of the first with the cunning of the second, and the faithlessness of the third, we should form a demon.

HOW TO GROW BEAUTIFUL.—Persons may out-grow disease and become healthy by proper attention to the laws of their physical constitution. By moderate and daily exercise men become active and strong in limb and in muscle. But to grow beautiful, how? Age dims the lustre of the eye, and pales the roses on the beauty cheek, while crowfeet, and furrows, and wrinkles, and lost teeth, and grey hairs, and bald head, and tottering limbs and limping, most sadly mar the human form divine. But dim as the eye is, and pallid and sunken as may be the face of beauty, and frail and feeble that once strong, erect, and manly body, the immortal soul, just fledging its wings for its home in heaven, may look out through those faded windows as beautiful as the dewdrop of summer's morning, as melting as the tears that glisten in affection's eye, by growing kindly, by cultivating sympathy with all human kind, by cherishing forbearance towards the follies and foibles of our race, and feeding, day by day, on that love to God and man which lifts us from the brute, and makes us akin to angels.

DREAMS.—Dreams are indeed wonderful; they are among the great phenomena of our spiritual being; no philosophy has been able to account for them satisfactorily. They are, it may be said, shadows, but there cannot be a shadow without a substance; they are either the images of things that have passed, or are to pass, literally, typically, or metaphorically. They may be reflections of things magnified, changed, disguised, but they are a part of our mysterious selves, and cannot be entirely disregarded—a dream, a vapour, an unreal thing, the chimera, it may be, of some physical and passing indisposition. It is thus that we argue, in the pride of human reason, upon matters which elude all reasoning; but there is an arm of power that mocks when our fear cometh, and forces us to feel what we care not to acknowledge, even to ourselves, namely, that we of ourselves know nothing.

Wit and Wisdom.

"I'm losing flesh," as the butcher said when he saw a thief robbing his cart.

Why is an exaggerated fact like the portrait of a young lady?—Because it is mis-represented.

"Is Lieutenant Pallas at home?" "Who is he, Pat?" "Why, nephew or niece to Mr. Wilkinson, I don't know which!"

"My dear," said a City knight, "I never shall put down suicide until we can punish it with death."

A TYPOGRAPHICAL PUN.—"I stand in need of small caps," as the printer's wife said when she presented her husband with a little responsibility.

ADVICE OF AN IRISH APOTHECARY.—If you find three tumblers of whiskey-punch disagree with you over night, don't take 'em till next day, and then leave them off entirely.

THERES is now residing in Cincinnati a young lady from Kentucky, whose height is six feet seven inches. She is stout in proportion to her altitude.

HINTS TO ACCOUNTANTS.—The wisecracks of Stourton, on finding a deficiency of £50 in the parish books, for which they were unable to account, balanced their books by the following item:—"To mumbled away, £50."

MR. B. did you say or did you not say what I said you said, because C. said you said you never did say what I said you said; now if you said you did not say what I said you said, what then did you say?

A LITTLE boy had been at church, and came home like to break his heart with crying. "What's the matter with you?" inquired his mother. "Parson says I'm to be born again; and I'm afeared I'll be a lass next time."

"FRIEND Brown," said neighbour Smith, the other day, "your son Tommy seems to be a very promising boy." "Yes," replied old Brown; "he promises to do better in future every time I whip him."

A YOUNG amoroso, at a political festival, gave the following toast:—"The ladies. We admire them, because of their beauty; respect them, because of their virtue; adore them, because of their intelligence; and love them, because we can't help it."

BABES AND BACHELORS.—An association of bachelors is in course of formation at New York, to suppress the introduction of infants into public assemblies—a practice which the prospectus denounces as "a crying shame," and expresses a hope that there is not a single man in New York who will not assist to put it down. The infants are "in arms" against the project.

SINGULAR LETTER.—The following singular letter was actually written to a merchant at Norwich:—"Sir,—This is to acquaint you or your heirs that I heard you were dead; but I packed up some wool before you was so, though I could not send it before I knew whether you was or no, and what circumstances you died in. I beg a speedy answer, and remain," &c.

THE celebrated John Hunter is said to have made but one pun in his life, and that was when lecturing in Windmill-street School of Medicine. In demonstrating the jawbone, he observed that the bone was known to abound in proportion to the want of brains. Some students at the time were talking instead of attending to the lecture, upon which Hunter exclaimed, "Gentlemen, let us have more intellect and less jaw."

COMPLETING A STANZA.—Dr. Mansel, of Trinity College, Cambridge, by chance called at the rooms of a brother collegian, who was absent, but had left on his table the opening of a poem, which was in the following lofty strain:—

The sun's perpendicular rays
Illumined the depths of the sea;—

Here the flight of the poet by some accident stopped short, but Dr. Mansel, who was seldom lost on such occasions, illumined the subject by completing the stanza in the following very facetious style:—

The fishes beginning to sweat
Cried, "Curse it, how hot we shall be!"

SHOOTING.—Did you ever shoot with a funnel-bore? It spreads the shots so that you can bring down hundreds at one pull. But I'll tell you of a peculiar cheap shot as I had with a single bullet. In at Farmer Spovin's I see a coop ready to go to Brooklyn, with seven-and-forty ducks in it. So I says to Farmer Spovin, "How much will you charge me for a single shot among that brood with a single bullet, whole, and not split?" "Two dollars," said Spovin. "Done!" says I, slick enough. So I took a little bruised corn and strewed it along the trough, and out pops the seven-and-forty heads of the ducks. Then I lay down on the ground right away, and taking a perspective horizontal view of the whole regiment sideways, I wish I may be tee-totally sub-staquated if I didn't carry off the entire whole of the seven-and-forty heads.—*Yankee Paper.*

FORENSIC ELOQUENCE.—The *American Wheeling Gazette* gives the following, as an extract from the recent address of a barrister "out west," to a jury:—"The law expressly declares, gentlemen, in the beautiful language of Shakspeare, that where no doubt exists of the guilt of the prisoner, it is your duty to fetch him in innocent. If you keep this fact in view, in the case of my client, gentlemen, you will have the honour of making a friend of him, and all his relations, and you can allers, look upon this occasion and reflect, with pleasure, that you have done as you would be done by. But if, on the other hand, you disregard the principle of law, and set at naught my eloquent remarks, and fetch him in guilty, the silent twitches of conscience will follow you all over every fair cornfield, I reckon, and my injured and down-trodden client will be apt to light on you one of those dark nights, as my cat lights on a suspicious of new milk."

A CONFIDENT PICKPOCKET.—Charles II. loved what may be called fun as much as the youngest of his courtiers. On one of his birthdays, an impudent rascal of a pickpocket had obtained admission to the drawing-room, in the garb of a gentleman. He had succeeded in extracting a

gold snuff-box from a nobleman's pocket, and was quietly transferring it to his own, when, looking up, he suddenly caught the king's eye, and discovered that he had been perceived by his majesty. The fellow, aware, in all probability, of the king's character, had the impudence to put his finger to his nose, and wink knowingly at Charles to hold his tongue. Shortly afterwards, the king was much amused by perceiving the nobleman feeling one pocket after another in search of his treasure. At last he could resist no longer; and looking about him (probably to make certain that the thief had escaped), he called out to the injured person, "You need not, my lord, give yourself any more trouble about it; your box is gone, and I own myself an accomplice. I could not help it, I was made a confidant."

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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE. No. 43, for Wednesday, September 2, 1863.

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THE CHIMES; OR, THE BROKEN HEART. By the Author of "Leonard Leigh." &c. Illustrated.

WOMAN'S WORLD. By Eliza Winstanley. Illustrated by Thwaites.

Picturesque Sketches.—Worthing.

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